The Nation.

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The Week.

THE plain, simple record of proceedings in the House of Representatives at Washington on Thursday, is remarkable reading. When the journal of the previous day had been read, Mr. Mills objected to its approval, on the ground that it had not been read in full. The Speaker observed that the clerk had only omitted to read such parts as it was customary not to read, but that he would have him read it in full. The clerk proceeded to read the omitted portions, which disclosed the fact that the Silver Bill, which had come back from the Senate on the previous day, had been referred to the Committee on Coinage, in accordance with what the Speaker was pleased to call the "automatic working of the rules." During the reading which made this disclosure, Mr. Mills had remained standing in order to retain the floor. Mr. McKinley had arisen during the reading and was also standing at its close. Both endeavored to "catch the Speaker's eye" at the same time, but the Speaker could only see Mr. McKinley, who moved that the journal be approved and demanded the previous question. Mr. Mills protested in vain that he was entitled to recognition, since he had questioned the reading of the journal and wished to move to correct it. Mr. Springer raised the point of order that the journal contained the record of something which had never happened, and which could not, therefore, be in it.

Throughout these proceedings common sense and justice were on the side of Messrs. Mills and Springer, and nothing but arbitrary and dictatorial power was on the side of the Speaker and Mr. McKinley. The former was clearly exposed before the House as having been guilty of a misleading statement when he said that only those parts of the journal had been omitted which it was customary not to read, for he knew very well that no such record of "automatic reference" as he had caused to be placed there had ever appeared on the record until he became Speaker. It was not surprising that even the Republican majority were incapable of sustaining Mr. McKinley in his effort to have all discussion of such a proceeding shut off by the previous question, and that enough of them united with the Democrats to defeat that motion, and subsequently to remove from the journal the record of the "automatic reference." The incident is of great value as revealing the fact that there is a limit of partisan abuse of power beyond which even this Republican Congress cannot be driven, and as indicating also that the Speaker's autocratic course is creating dissensions in his own party which are certain to increase rather than diminish as time goes on. There are signs, also, that the people are watching with constantly increasing interest the reckless career of the party in power, and are preparing for the day of reckoning which is to come in November.

On Saturday thirteen Democrats in the House decided that a technical triumph over Speaker Reed might be bought at too high a price. They accordingly cast their votes so as to refer the Silver Bill to the Committee on Coinage, as Mr. Reed himself had referred it under what he held to be the rule of the House. Whether Mr. Reed was technically right or not in assuming such authority—and upon this point able arguments were made *pro* and *con* by Mr. Cannon, Mr. Mills, Mr. Springer, and others—it was for the public interest decidedly that the bill should go to that Committee. The thirteen Democrats who helped to send it there acted wisely and patriotically, and they have done their party no harm. There may be too much "skirmishing for position" on the top of a powder magazine. It should be borne in mind, also, that the Democrats have an issue in the tariff question on which they have staked their fortunes in the approaching campaign and also in the campaign of 1892. They cannot shift the issue from the tariff to silver, even if they desired to do so, but it is quite possible to give so much prominence to silver as to lose the advantages they have gained by the debate on the McKinley bill. It would be most unwise, in a party point of view, to substitute anything else in place of the issue which has been carefully and studiously prepared, upon which the party is united East, West, North, and South, and for which the leaders have been training themselves for years. We presume that it was some such consideration as this which led Mr. Carlisle to abstain from voting on the final passage of the Free-Coinage Bill in the Senate. Probably he perceived the danger that exists of changing front in the midst of an undecided battle. This danger is all the greater if, as seems likely, the result of passing the bill should be to make the Democratic party a tail to the kite of the fifteen Republican Senators who have thus far attracted the larger share of public attention, and who would surely carry off most of the honors to be gained by the joint victory.

Senator Wolcott's attack on the Administration for its attitude on the silver question, for which he received such abundant applause in the galleries and on the floor of the Senate, is not very brilliant in print. It amounts merely to this, that in the campaign of 1888 Wolcott and others understood that the Republican national platform meant free coinage of silver, and so told the people in their stump-speeches; that the people were so fully impressed with this notion that they gave large majorities for Harrison, and that if they had not so understood the matter, Harrison would not have carried Colorado and some other Western States, and would perhaps not have been elected. But since a lot of other people did not understand the platform that way, and since the platform was in fact ambiguous and was intended to be read both ways, Mr. Wolcott's syllogism is good for nothing. It is a jingle of words which may serve to tickle the ears of the listeners while the speaker is on his feet, but it has no lasting properties. *Stat magni nominis umbra* is a phrase that will never be applied to Mr. Wolcott unless he says something better than this.

While the young Senator from Colorado is not yet a full-fledged statesman, he at least shows signs of growth, and that is always encouraging. We accord him this much praise after contrasting the speech which he delivered at the New England dinner in this city on December 22, 1887, with his speech on silver in the Senate this week. In the course of his remarks to the New Englanders he said, speaking of the Coloradans: "We are a plain people and live far away. We find all the excitement we need in the two great political parties, and we rather look upon the talk of anybody in either party being better than his party as a sort of cant. The hypercritical faculty has not reached us yet, and we leave to you of the East the exclusive occupancy of the raised dais upon which it seems necessary for the independent voter to stand while he is counted." This is the same party slave who electrified the Senate last week by saying:

> "If the Windom recommendation, approved by the President, could have been announced before the election, it is my humble opinion that not a single State west of the Missouri River would have given a Republican majority. Not because the large majority of the citizens of those States were not and are not and will not always be true and stanch and earnest Republicans, loving the traditions of the party, and true to its principles, but because they would overwhelmingly rebuke a party that selected as its standard-bearer one unmindful of the interests of the country and disregardful of the wishes of the majority of its members."

Behold the change! The vasty West which, two years and a half ago, would have flocked to the side-tent of a circus that had an independent voter among its curiosities, would have swarmed with "kickers" in the following autumn if its Republican voters had not thought that the financial policy of their party was to be handed over to them for moulding.

The Senate has only done what was expected in concurring with the House in the passage of the Dependent Pension Bill as it was agreed upon by the Conference Committee. The most striking feature of the discussion was a characteristic display of demagogism by Mr. Ingalls. Senator Gorman had presented a careful estimate of the great expense involved in the bill, which he prophesied would make the outgoes of the Government exceed its income. Mr. In-

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galls sneered at "frugal patriots," expressed his regret that the bill did not put every surviving soldier on the pension roll, declared that he was in favor of this policy, "whether it cost one hundred millions or a thousand millions," and advocated the removal of the limitation in the act of granting arrears of pensions—a most gigantic job—insisting again that he did not care whether this would cost one hundred millions or a thousand millions. This blatant demagogue, it must be remembered, is the man whom the Republican majority of the Senate have honored by conferring upon him the office of President *pro tem.* of that body.

The danger of a deficit in the national Treasury at an early day becomes more and more clear. Senator Plumb of Kansas objected on Saturday to the passage of a bill to apply the proceeds from the public lands and the receipts from certain land-grant railroad companies to the further endowment of agricultural colleges, on the ground that "in eighteen months from now whoever proposes the addition of a million of dollars to the annual budget will have to provide with it the means of raising the revenue to pay it," and that consequently none of the revenues ought to be segregated so that they cannot be applied to the running expenses of the Government. "It seems to me," he went on, "that this is an unwise time to enter upon an indefinite expense of this character, and that if there ever was a time when we ought to determine carefully and prudently what we shall do with the public funds, it is now. We may need, as we clearly shall within a very brief period of time, much of the Pacific Railroad fund to piece out the expenses of the Government, which are going to overrun the revenues, and we shall need similarly to take from the funds derived from the sales of public lands. And yet, sir, we are going ahead with expenditures, and with propositions for additional burdens upon the people, just as though we were in the heyday of that surplus about which we have heard so much in the last few years, but which has been vanishing like a snow-bank under the rays of the summer sun, until now it practically has no longer any existence." The public has grown so accustomed to reckless talk and extravagant appropriations that it comes with the shock of a surprise to find a public man suggesting that economy is, after all, a good thing.

It is not yet entirely clear whether the Senate Finance Committee's tariff bill is better on the whole than the McKinley bill or worse. It is better in some parts and worse in others, and probably there is not much to choose between them. It reduces the duty on steel rails to $11.40 per ton, and makes a slight reduction in the earthenware and glass schedule, but not more than sufficient to counterbalance the duties levied on crates and coverings in the Administrative Bill. It reduces the duty on barley in the McKinley bill by five cents per bushel, but still leaves it at twenty-five cents as against the present duty of ten cents. It increases, as has been previously stated, the duty on refined sugar, and puts back works of art in the dutiable list at 30 per cent. ad valorem, the McKinley bill having put them on the free list. This is utterly disgusting. If ratified by the Senate, it will sink that body in the estimation of the educated classes almost as much as its vote for the bedlamite Silver Bill. The only change of importance in the wool and woollen schedule is the insertion of amendments, which the House rejected on a yea-and-nay vote, increasing the duties on yarns and cloths costing not more than 30 cents per pound. The duty on tin plate seems to be left as in the McKinley bill.

The National Wool-Growers' Association met at Galveston, Texas, on the 12th inst. A letter was received from the Hon. Columbus Delano, President of the Association, saying that "the exigency of the case" demanded his presence in Washington, as he had been instructed by the Ohio wool-growers to formulate and present some important and very necessary amendments to the McKinley Tariff Bill. As he could not be present, he desired to be instructed by his constituents, and in order to spare them any trouble in this matter, he enclosed a set of resolutions which he desired them to adopt and telegraph back to him at Washington. This was done. One of the resolutions demands that all samples of wool now in the custom-houses of the United States for purposes of classification be removed and new ones substituted, so that any cross of merino or English blood in carpet-wools shall subject the whole lot to duty as clothing or combing-wools. The Texas wool-growers, who happened to be holding a meeting at the same time and place, passed resolutions affirming that "the existence of wolves, coyotes, and other wild animals is at present the principal reason why we cannot produce wool as low in this country as in others," and that "the removal of these destructive agents would result in a saving of about eight cents per pound, which is the present estimated cost of having shepherds to guard sheep." Evidently these resolutions did not come from Mr. Delano, for we all know that he holds that the reason why we cannot produce wool as cheaply as other countries is the insufficiency of the tariff. Moreover, he would be the last man to talk about dispensing with the labor of shepherds when the very object of the wool tariff is to furnish employment to that worthy class.

The taking of the census has been the cause of much heart-burning in the West. Chicago has been determined to overrun the one-million line, but fears are openly expressed that the census-takers have been remiss. If the number returned should be less than a million, the evidence of remissness would be conclusive. St. Louis made a much lower mark, putting her ambition at 450,000, but the enumerators have not come up to this modest demand. It is considered that they have overlooked about 20,000 people, and steps are to be taken to have a new and correct census made by private enterprise. Of course, nobody can object to this, but the difficulty of getting the private census put into the national records will be so serious that, when the subscription paper to provide for the expenses is handed around, it will perhaps be deemed cheaper and equally effective to simply pass a resolution that the population of St. Louis is 450,000, and save the money.

The working of the new ballot law in Rhode Island, which applied to all except municipal elections, has been so satisfactory to everybody that the Legislature, in special session, has extended its operation to municipal elections. There is no longer any opposition to it which is worth considering, since everybody, save the political workers who made their living by "handling" the corruption funds for both parties, is convinced of its wisdom. The Republicans have been obliged every year to increase a little more the size of their campaign fund in order to buy a majority, and they were convinced by their experience at the last election that the use of money to buy votes under the Australian system of balloting is a shameful waste of moral power, since there is no visible return for the money. As Elder Shepard said of the $150,000 of good Republican money which was paid for the support of "three movements" in this city in 1888, the Rhode Island Republicans discovered by the returns that they had "been buying experience and not votes," and they will not make further investments in that line.

The interesting fact has been brought out, in the Massachusetts legislative investigation, that Mr. Joseph O. Burdett, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, has been employed as a lobbyist in behalf of the West End Railroad Company. The discovery prompts these remarks by the Worcester *Spy*, a Republican journal: "It seems clear that the occupation of a lobbyist and the position of Chairman of the Republican State Committee are incompatible, and that the usefulness of Mr. Burdett in the latter capacity is at an end since the publication of this testimony, and we trust that he will see the propriety of resigning his place on the Committee. If he should not, the other members of the Committee will probably not lose much time before suggesting to him that they would prefer another Chairman." But why should the Republicans of Massachusetts object to the retention of a lobbyist as Chairman of their State Committee when the Republicans of the United States consent to the retention of a thief as Chairman of their National Committee?

Further light was thrown by last week's testimony upon the methods employed by corporations to secure legislation in their interest. The counsel of the West End Company testified that Theodore C. Bates, a

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prominent Republican politician of Worcester County, was retained last summer and promised that, if he did all that was expected of him, he should receive $10,000. The examination then proceeded as follows:

Q. Was anything done by Mr. Bates to influence votes or the election of members of the Legislature from Worcester County?
A. I received a note from Mr. Bates saying that the Ames-Shepard people were acting there to secure the election of members, and asking for $500 to be used to secure nominations of men in favor of the West End and opposed to the Ames-Shepard.
Q. Did you send it?
A. I did, and I know nothing more about it except that I believe the money was to be used in paying for carriages and other expenses connected with the caucuses.

Corporations thus begin work by employing the chief managers of the dominant party to "set up" caucuses in their favor, and complete it by employing other lobbyists to "capture" after their election those members of the Legislature whom they do not already own.

If the passion for stealing foreign books which has recently shown itself among the ministers continues to spread, we shall have to stop ridiculing the poor blacks at the South for the separation which they are said to maintain between religion and morals. Mr. Mansfield, Presiding Elder of the New England Methodist Conference, is trying to get the ministers of his denomination to join him in stealing a book on Egypt, belonging to an English publisher, and the only excuse he has to offer is that the book has interested him, but is too dear, when honestly purchased from its owner, for the convenience of the Elder and his brethren. It also contains much matter of moment to religious people, and he thinks that, on the whole, it would be a good thing to steal it and sell it cheap in this country. Another theft, almost more odious than that of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' was advertised by the religious firm, Hunt & Eaton, who have charge of the Methodist Book Concern in this city, and printed a very amusing, because very brazen, advertisement in the *Christian Advocate*, containing their account of what they propose to steal, and also an advertisement for Sunday-school teachers to take orders for the booty and "make money." What gives the offence a certain air of drollery is that the property they covet and mean to seize is the Oxford Bible. Of course the Bible *per se* is not private property; but, as will be seen by their circular, this edition of the Bible contains about 56,000 references, indexes, maps, a glossary and dictionary, and a large number of learned illustrative articles, which have cost the owner a large amount of money. Of all this Hunt & Eaton deliberately announced their intention to plunder him, and to have it peddled through the country as their own, by Sunday-school teachers who want to make money! Fancy the diffusion of religious ideas through the medium of stolen Bibles, sold by religious teachers! How like it is to that story of the negro revival meeting in one end of a barn, while water was boiling in the other end to scald a stolen hog.

One cause of the extreme irritation between the French and the Newfoundlanders has just been somewhat modified. So exasperated were the latter at the bounties given by the French Government to their fishermen on the Newfoundland coast that the St. Johns Government attempted to retaliate by requiring all foreign vessels wanting bait to take out a license. This license laid a tax of one dollar per ton and was limited to twenty-one days. As bait cost about a dollar a barrel, a vessel of 100 or 200 tons burden requiring 25 or 50 barrels of bait incurred an expense practically prohibitive. It was hoped, however, that a revenue of $100,000 would be derived, and this sum it was proposed to give to the Newfoundland fishermen to enable them to compete with the bounty-nourished Frenchmen. But this scheme has unexpectedly met with two or three serious obstacles. One is the smuggling of bait to foreigners, carried on by the Newfoundlanders themselves. Another is the refusal to buy bait on the part of the French, who have sought to supply themselves elsewhere, and it was while engaged in this business that the trouble reported on Saturday from St. George Bay occurred. The third is the protest of the Canadian and United States Governments against the license. In consequence, the St. Johns Government has decided to modify the license. Now it is only required that a tax of one dollar be paid per barrel of bait, the amount of bait to be limited to forty barrels at each baiting, which is a far different thing from the original license.

By the Ango-German settlement over Africa, Great Britain has got full control of the Zanzibar coast-line which seemed at one time in danger. There has been much other give-and-take in matters which, as long as they were African, the British public were not likely to understand or take much hold of; but it would seem as if Lord Salisbury had seriously weighted the agreement by the cession of Heligoland, which is under the British nose, so to speak, and, though a little insignificant place, somewhat like Block Island, has long been dear to Englishmen of a Jingo turn as a place on which the Union Jack appeared to wave on foreign soil. It is really German territory in a geographical sense, and it therefore tickled British pride to have the flag there, as it tickles it to have it in Gibraltar and the Channel Islands. It would not be surprising if the settlement broke down on this point by the refusal of Parliament to assent to the cession. Seeing the indignation it excites when made by Salisbury, we may guess what the indignation would have been if made by Gladstone.

In the Bohemian Diet of 1886, the Czechs refused to take into consideration the demands of the German minority, to the effect that "the language regulations be abolished; that a distinction be drawn between the German and Czech portions of the Province; that the High Court of Justice and Councils of Education and Public Worship be divided into two; and, finally, that German should be spoken in the Diet instead of Czech." The rejection of these demands caused the withdrawal of the Germans from the Diet at that time, and since then the question has been fought with increasing bitterness, proving a curse to both races, and often checking the activity not only of the "Prager Landtag," but even spreading its influence as far as the Imperial Austrian Assembly. In the conferences held under the leadership of the Government, which closed at the beginning of this year, the same attempt was made towards equalization as in the Diet of 1886. To this the Old Czech or Ultramontane party, who are more inclined to a reasonable consideration of the matter than the immoderate Young Czech majority, gave their consent, seeing a possible means to reinstate themselves in their former position, from which they had been pushed by the younger parties. But the Government and Old Czech party, overrating their own power to effect an equalization, excluded the Young Czech Nationalists from these conferences. Taking advantage of the suspicion with which the equalization project is regarded by the masses of the Czechish people, the Young Czechs seized this opportunity to enroll very largely the popular feeling on their side.

In the last session of the Landtag, which closed, after many long and profitless debates, on June 3, only one of the four equalization proposals mentioned above was accepted. The proposition to divide the Council of Education into two national sections was adopted at the third reading by the Diet, according to which in the German section only German and in the Czechish only Czech are to be spoken, while in the combined session each member may speak his mother-tongue. Hitherto it has been usual to speak German out of consideration for the German members, few of whom understand Czech. The Czechs insisted, moreover, that the representatives of the religious confessions belonging to both sections (namely, two Catholic priests, one Evangelical minister, and a Jewish divine) must understand both languages, which practically excludes the German clergy from the council. In addition to this a very significant resolution was put forward by Dr. Starda, with a strong support, to the effect that the Government announce to the Landtag its exact position with regard to the Czechish language in the proposed new organization of the courts. The Czechs have always been desirous to establish their language as the official medium in their own districts, and we may foresee in the near future a struggle on their part with this end in view. As the carrying of the proposition concerning the division of the Educational Council, which is the least offensive of all to the Czechish side, took fourteen days of uninterrupted discussion, it seems quite probable, considering the limited time allowed to the Landtag, owing to the long annual session of the Reichstag, that several years must elapse before the entire question will be settled.

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LEGAL TENDER IN THE SENATE.

THE debate in the Senate on June 17, when the Silver Bill was passed, was under the five-minute rule, which had been adopted for the particular purpose of disposing of the measure that day. Under the operation of this rule, two amendments were proposed and adopted of momentous importance. One was offered by Senator Teller, making the silver certificates legal tender for all debts, public and private. This was amended and reamended until it was made to include all silver and gold certificates heretofore issued or hereafter to be issued, and in this shape it was finally adopted by 34 yeas to 22 nays. The other was offered by Senator Plumb, and was adopted without a division and without a word of comment. It provided that the certificates should be issued on the bullion deposited and before the corresponding coins were produced. The Senate of the United States has thus, under the five-minute rule, leaped a tremendous chasm. It has engrafted on the policy of the country, so far as that body is concerned, the principle that Congress may make not merely tickets of deposited coin, but also tickets of the material of which coin is produced, legal tender. It makes one's head swim to see the only deliberative body in the nation taking such a leap. The House has ceased to be a deliberative body, and has become a mere Gatling gun, to be loaded and discharged by the Speaker, with or without a quorum. Yet it has done nothing so reckless and indefensible as the short work that the Senate performed with the legal-tender question.

Senator Gray of Delaware tried to draw the attention of his fellow-Senators to the gravity of the step they were taking. He quoted the last legal-tender decision of the Supreme Court, and showed that it did not include the kind of paper that it was now proposed to make, and that the ground upon which that decision rests—the power of the United States to borrow money—is quite a different thing from the ground upon which the bill proceeds. The United States does not borrow money when it issues a silver certificate. It becomes a custodian of other people's property—a bailee in law—and gives a receipt for the property taken on storage. This receipt, the Senate says, shall be legal tender in every part of the country for all debts, public or private, whether the property on storage be coin or bullion. No exception is made of contracts specifically payable in gold, or even of the Government's own contract to redeem its gold certificates in gold. These paper things are to be taken under compulsion of law for every pecuniary claim of every kind.

Perhaps the courts would construe this Legal-Tender Law as not applying to contracts payable in a particular kind of money. Leaving that feature out of view, some people may contend that no practical harm is done by making the certificate equally available with the coin itself, since all that the holder of it needs to do is to draw the coin and tender it to his creditor. But it does make a vast difference to both public and private finances, whether all the silver in the world that can be hurried to the United States Mint shall become at once legal tender by means of paper certificates, or whether it shall be first coined. In the one case the standard of value is lowered immediately by the full amount of the difference between silver and gold, whatever that may be. In the other the lowering will take place gradually, as it took place at the beginning of the war, when specie payments were suspended.

But is it of little consequence how and in what manner the Senate of the United States deals with the question of legal tender? Have we not gone to the verge, and even beyond it, when the rule is established that the Government may make its own promissory notes legal tender between individuals, for past as well as future contracts, in peace as well as in war? Shall we go on adding to the legal-tender powers of a transient majority in Congress, and doing this under the five-minute rule? A new legal-tender law redistributes the property of all the people. It takes from A, and it gives to B. That is what it intends, and that is what it does. It is a socialistic contrivance of gigantic proportions, and its effect always is to take from the poor and ignorant and to endow the rich and cunning. It throws property into hotch-potch, to be grabbed by the various social classes, according to their several capacities. The wage-workers, the farmers, the widows, the non-capitalists always come off second best. It was so during the war, when the Legal-Tender Act was first put in operation. The capitalists and the smart fellows saw what was coming. They feathered their nests, and the feathers came from the laboring classes, including the soldiers in the field. The power to make legal tender is the next thing to omnipotence. True, it cannot create anything; it cannot create one blade of grass or the value thereof, but it can change the values of all debts throughout the length and breadth of the land. And can anybody set bounds to the extension of legal-tender laws when once the precedent is established that not merely coin, not merely the United States notes, but anything that Congress considers valuable shall be accepted in payment of debts, both as to the past and as to the future? If certificates of deposited bullion are to be legal tender, why not certificates of deposited grain, or certificates of mortgaged land? Both these are even now at the door of Congress demanding their "rights," just like silver bullion; and if silver gets hers, they will get theirs in due time.

MR. BLAINE'S TRIANGULAR VOYAGES.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has transmitted to the Senate a long letter from his Secretary of State, the Hon. James G. Blaine, proposing such changes in the pending Tariff Bill as shall enable the President to admit wool and all other products from any country in the American hemisphere free of duty in case those countries, or any of them, shall admit our products free of duty. As a preliminary step to the carrying out of this plan, he urges that raw sugar, now on the free list in the McKinley bill, be put back on the dutiable list, in order to have something to trade on when we come to negotiate with these countries. Cuba is included in the proposed scheme of reciprocity, and as Canada and the British West Indies are not excluded, it is to be presumed that whatever arrangement is open to other countries will be open to them also.

Here is a very comprehensive system of free trade. It embraces several of the things about which there have been heated controversies in Congress and in the press, and which are still going on; viz, wool, silver-lead ores, iron ore, sugar, fish, coal, lumber, and copper. It embraces so much that, if the plan were once adopted, it would, according to the testimony of many of the protectionist organs, bring general free trade upon the country with a rush. The organ of the Manufacturers' Club in Philadelphia has repeatedly said that wool is the corner-stone of the tariff, and that if it is admitted free, woollens and everything else will be admitted free very soon after. The country of the La Plata is the greatest wool-producing region of the world, unless Australia may be its rival. If we admit the wool of the Argentine Republic and Chili free, there will be no reason for putting duties on any other wool. If we admit the iron ore of Cuba free, there will be no reason for excluding that of the Mediterranean countries; and it is not to be supposed that the latter would be excluded for many months after the former was put on the free list. If we admit the copper ores of Chili free, there will be hardly any copper ores left that it will be worth while to exclude. If we admit the argentiferous lead ores of Mexico free, there will be nothing left to fight about on that score. And what will become of the poor Gloucester fishermen, whose right to a tax of one cent per pound we have been fighting for so gallantly ever since the Washington Treaty was thrown over at their instance? Will life be worth living after Canada is taken in under the ægis of reciprocity? We had almost forgotten the orange-growers of Florida and California, who made such a valiant push last winter and got their duties raised 50 per cent. in the McKinley bill. Are there any countries so well situated to inundate us with oranges as the West India islands and Central America? Give them a few years to get their orchards in bearing condition for a market like ours, and oranges will be as cheap as tomatoes in every Atlantic port.

We endorse Mr. Blaine's plan, and recommend it to the favorable consideration of Congress, not because reciprocity is ideally the right thing, but because it promotes international trade and thereby increases wealth, removes ignorant prejudices, and leads inevitably to the breaking down of trade barriers erected by selfish interests for private greed. But we cannot adopt all of Mr. Blaine's arguments. Indeed, some of his arguments are calculated to weaken his position materially. He says, for example, that the "chief obstacle" to an increase of our South American trade has been a lack of shipping facilities

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for reaching those markets. We quote this part of his communication:

"The lack of means for reaching their markets has been the chief obstacle in the way of increasing exports. The carrying trade has been controlled by European merchants *who have forbidden an exchange of commodities.* The merchandise we sell in South America is carried there in American ships, or foreign ships chartered by American commission houses. The merchandise we buy in South America is brought to us in European vessels that never take return cargoes, but sail for Liverpool, Havre, Bremen, or Hamburg with wheat, cotton, and corn. There they load again with manufactured goods for the South American markets, and continue their *triangular voyages*, paying for the food they are compelled to buy of us with the proceeds of the sale of their manufactures in markets that we could and would supply if we controlled the carrying trade."

If it is not the tariff, but a mere lack of shipping facilities, why does Mr. Blaine send this appeal to Congress to enable the President to abolish the tariff on wool, oranges, etc., produced in this hemisphere? If the European merchants have given orders to all the ship-owners in the world to make "triangular voyages," and not on any account to run on direct lines between ports of the American continent, why may not the wool-growers say in reply that the remedy is not to be found by admitting Argentine wool free, since that would not change the minds of the European merchants or their injunctions to the ship-owners, but would probably lead them to repeat the injunctions in more positive language? Triangular voyages would still be the order of the day. The kind of triangle that we see most plainly in Mr. Blaine's letter is one of which the three corners are occupied, the first by the Administration, the second by the McKinley high-tariffites, and the third by the tariff-reformers of all grades. They will make their first triangular voyage in the coming autumn elections.

EXIT THE "PRACTICAL MAN."

An attempt is being made in some quarters to dissuade or frighten men of the class of Bishop Potter and Dr. Heber Newton, who have initiated the New York citizens' movement, from active participation in municipal politics, by representing them as wanting in political experience, and therefore sure to be in some manner hoodwinked or brought to naught by another class known as "the practical men." But one of the first things which every one who desires to improve the government of our great cities should do is, to clear his head of the old canting dread of the "practical man." If the new ballot act has any value or efficacy whatever, it has put an end to him and his business, and has at the same time put an end to the state of things which made a minister, or any other quiet and respectable citizen following an honest calling, somewhat ridiculous when he tried to make his influence felt, either in making the nominations or in voting for his candidate at the polls.

There is no more curious or discreditable chapter in our political history than the seizure of the nominating machinery of our political parties in the great cities by the class of professional politicians—largely men who had failed in respectable callings—and their success for nearly half a century in persuading decent people that the seizure was a legitimate operation, and that there was no remedy for it except the attendance of the intelligent and respectable classes at the primary meetings. The way in which people's mouths were stopped with this advice by the newspapers, as well as by the practical politicians, at last became a joke, and has for the past twenty years been one of the best practical jokes extant. If the minister or lawyer, or decent and industrious man of any calling, went to the primary under a mistaken sense of his duty to the public, he found that the proceedings had been all carefully arranged beforehand by the members of the local machine, and that any interference on his part, any suggestion of change or amendment, naturally excited the merriment of those who had prepared the programme or were in the secret. The more he sought to make himself felt, the more ridiculous he became to the managers, and if he was at all persistent, he ran some risk of insult, if not of personal violence.

It was very natural that under these circumstances the "fixing of primaries" should have become a regular trade followed by trained men, and that attendance on them should have been almost wholly abandoned by the great bulk of the voters, and that everybody who did not follow the trade should, in the field of politics, have incurred the contempt which regulars feel for militia, or experts in any calling for amateurs. This contempt was deepened by what subsequently occurred at the polls after the nomination was made. There, even more than in the caucus, the outsiders made what politicians considered a telling display of their incapacity. Supposing they succeeded at the caucus in getting their man nominated, they had still to employ the practical men to look after the details of the election, and were often induced to pay large sums of money for this purpose.

The most important of these details was the distribution of the ballots. In the earlier days, before there was any registration, and before our present system of counting the votes, the Practical Man could foil the virtuous either by employing large bodies of repeaters or personators, or by stuffing the ballot-boxes with bogus tickets. When these facilities were taken away from him, he still retained the distribution of the ballots, and out of this he made his calling a very lucrative one, and was able to extract a good deal of excuse for the fun he made of the amateurs. There were two ways in which he could cheat them. He could either fail to provide their ballots at the polls at all, or in sufficient quantities, or he might "run out" the ballots of the other side in their place. When all was over, and the good men's candidate was defeated, he could use it as a fresh illustration of the silliness of amateurs in meddling in things they did not understand. It was in his skill in these criminal and semi-criminal devices that the superiority of the Practical Man as a politician over the rest of the community consisted. It was not in knowledge of the city's needs, or of the work of administration, or of municipal law, or in the art of persuading people to take this or that view of public questions. It was not, in short, in anything which civilized men are in the habit of considering either useful or respectable.

Now, the whole art of the Practical Man, as we have described it above, has, in our belief, been swept away by the Ballot Act. The primary, which we used to feel so uneasy in our consciences for not attending as our chief "political duty," is gone. The business of cheating at the polls is gone. Respectable men who think they have something useful to suggest to their fellow-citizens can have a primary of their own. They do not need, after they have made their nominations, to hire a Johnny O'Brien or a Mike Cregan to look after their interests at the polls. The State supplies the ballots and sees that they are properly distributed, free of expense. The normal working of free democratic government in this city is restored. Every honest man who has something to say about the city government which he thinks will be useful, has a chance to submit it to his fellow-citizens. Every such man is now a practical man. Bishop Potter is a practical man. So is Dr. Newton. So is every clergyman in the city who is willing to come forward and make his voice heard, and take a man's part in putting an end to the régime which has now for forty years made New York the shame and scandal of free government. There is hardly a decent citizen, who knows how to read and write, who is not fitter to be listened to about municipal affairs than the wretched creatures who now fill so many of our offices, and to whose "guff" about municipal government we have hearkened so long with complacency, as if it really was the voice of experience, or knowledge, or public spirit, or common honesty.

MISS FAWCETT'S TRIUMPH.

The remarkable feat of Miss Fawcett, the Newnham College girl, in beating the Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, continues to be the sensation of the day in England, and will probably make a deeper and deeper impression as time runs on. The Senior Wrangler is, to the great honor of English society, one of the personages of each year, and goes down to London in the middle of the season with a halo round his head such as is given by no other academical distinction. Moreover, the distinction launches him in professional life with more or less éclat, and if he attains any eminence, no account of his career fails to put it forward as the beginning of his greatness. One of Macaulay's feats of memory was the repetition of the names of the Senior Wranglers through a long period, and there was not one of which he was more proud. Of the great severity of the examination by which this honor is won, we have before now spoken. It is one of the severest tests to which the youthful mind is ever subjected in our day. It carries the competitors into that empyreal region of mathematics which the young seldom enter at

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all; and which is but very scantily peopled even by the veterans of science. Moreover, it is the field of all fields in which the opinion of civilized men from the very earliest times has pronounced women least fitted to excel. Women's difficulties with elementary arithmetic have furnished some of the oldest jokes against the sex, and their appearance as bookkeepers and cashiers in French shops and cafés was, during the earlier part of this century, one of the surprises of foreign travel for most Englishmen and Americans.

That the first really successful assault on the intellectual supremacy of men should have been made on the mathematical side of the male fortress is certainly one of the most surprising events of the century, and is producing an effect in England, of course far inferior in degree, but of somewhat the same kind as the appearance of Darwin's great hypothesis. It is true that this is not the first victory of young Englishwomen in the collegiate arena over male competitors. Nor is Miss Fawcett the first distinguished female mathematician, for Mrs. Somerville reached the highest heights. Miss Prideaux won the Gold Medal for Anatomy some years ago, and Miss Ramsay more recently took a First Class in Classics at Oxford, and nine years ago another lady, Miss Scott, was bracketed with the Eighth Wrangler at Cambridge. These, however, were mere skirmishes which produced comparatively little impression. The eighth wranglership startled people a little, but the classical and medical triumphs were won in part by qualities of mind, such as memory and quickness of perception, which have never been denied to women.

What has been denied them most emphatically has been the power of abstract and continuous ratiocination, which Miss Fawcett has displayed in so high a degree, and its revelation by her has had somewhat the effect of the revelation of the existence of a new power in civilized society. The great power, the motive power, of civilized society is, after all, brain power, and this has hitherto been supplied by but a very small number of the members of one sex. It is with great difficulty that society brings it into play. All the immense and costly educational machinery of each country is devoted to what may be called a search through the population for cases of exceptional mental capacity. Both the State and the schools may be said to be engaged in a perpetual effort to find out who among its youths can give the community the service of the most potent intellectual apparatus. Hitherto this search has been carried on only among one-half of the human species, and in the honest belief that it would be useless to carry it on among the other. Of late years this belief has been shaken by a variety of exertions on the part of women, in a number of comparatively small ways, to assert their intellectual equality with men, but none of them before Miss Fawcett has challenged and beaten the masculine mind in a trial of strength in the field in which it felt surest of superiority, and in which the human mind is called on for the display of some of its highest powers. So that social philosophers are now asking themselves whether the denial of equal opportunities of intellectual training and social activity to both sexes has not resulted in diminishing the intellectual resources of the race by about one-half.

This question, however, cannot as yet be answered in the affirmative. It is still generally acknowledged that the qualities of mind which make great mathematicians are not those which make men fit to save or rule the state, or to weave successfully the great web of human affairs. The most important gift, after all, of a citizen in such professions as politics, or law, or medicine, or teaching, or war, is the ability in the selection of the premises from which the solution of the various problems of life is to be extracted. In fact, soundness of judgment and clearness of perception in collecting and arranging these premises is a large part, and by far the most important part, of each man or woman's work in the world. On this judgment and perception great mathematical achievements make no demand whatever. The mathematician's data are all provided for him with the utmost precision, and he is forbidden to add thereto or take away therefrom one jot or tittle. Consequently it is possible to be a very great mathematician indeed and be at the same time a very ordinary person in most other fields of mental activity, and especially in what may be called—using the term in its largest sense—the transaction of human business.

That this argument should be used freely to minimize the effect of Miss Fawcett's triumph and to break the force of Mr. Gladstone's complaint that these displays of feminine capacity should not bring women a share in the material advantages offered by the great universities, is what was to be expected. But it will be impossible hereafter to satisfy the world that the revelation of the mathematical power on the part of some, or even two women, does not indicate the near presence of various other kinds of capacity in the whole sex. The probabilities are all against the theory that Miss Fawcett is a *lusus naturæ*, and that more careful and prolonged search, and wider opportunities of display, will not reveal among her sisters most of the other qualities of mind which we now describe by the epithet "masculine."

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION AND STARVATION IN ITALY.

ITALY, June, 1890.

ACCORDING to the latest reliable statistics, not yet published,* it appears that the population of Italy, which, according to the census of 1881, stood at 28,459,628, numbered on December 31st, 1889, 30,947,306, showing an increase of nearly one million and a half in nine years. These figures take no account of emigration or immigration. The birth-rate exceeds the death-rate by 11 per thousand in 1887, by 9.81 per thousand in 1888, whereas in France, for a series of years, births have never exceeded deaths by 3 in a thousand. The number of illegitimate children is greatly on the increase: 49 per thousand in 1863, they reached 73 per thousand in 1889. The maintenance of these now falls almost exclusively on the communes and the provinces; and now that the system of the *ruote* (the placing new-born infants in the turnstile of the foundling hospitals) is abolished in two-thirds of the communes where it formerly existed, the waifs abandoned by the "authors of their being," duly registered by the *sage femme* as born of unknown parent or parents, in cases where neither father nor mother chooses to acknowledge them, fall on the taxpayers of the communes and provinces. Owing to the enormous mortality in foundling hospitals — in former times attaining to 90 and 95 per cent. in some of the largest—the system of boarding out has been largely adopted, and in cases where the mother chooses to own her illegitimate child, the province allows her so much per month for suckling it. Hence a large reduction in the mortality of infants under one year of age. Marriages among the very poorest classes are also more numerous than heretofore. Sanitary provisions, though far from being perfect, have helped to lessen the death-rate. Pellagra and typhus make fewer ravages; even smallpox, the greatest permanent scourge, is being successfully grappled with. All these are excellent things in their way, but the result is an increased pauper population, and, as the years go by, numerous additions to the ranks of "unskilled" workingmen and workingwomen.

The progress in instruction is creditable if we merely compare the Italy of twenty years since with the Italy of to-day. The most promising feature is the infant school, because in these "asylums" the very poorest children are received, housed in healthy edifices, kept clean, taught to exercise their faculties and limbs, and, in most of these schools, a good meal—soup of rice or maccaroni—is provided in part at the expense of the communes, but chiefly by private subscription. The children enter at three years, and must produce the certificate of vaccination. At the age of six they pass to the elementary schools, where instruction is compulsory and gratuitous for all classes of the population. To such children as produce a certificate of their parents' "poverty," books and writing material are furnished, but no clothing and no food. The numbers of children instructed have increased from 1,722,947 in 1872 to nearly two millions and a half in 1889.

From the elementary schools the children, who go through the course in four or five years, may receive gratuitous instruction in the technical schools when their parents can afford to clothe and feed them without receiving any profits from their labor. But, with the exception of skilled operatives, very few parents in the towns and cities where these schools exist can afford to do so; in the agricultural districts next to none. The State spends for elementary instruction about $10,000,000; its expenses for technical schools, for gymnasiums, lyceums, universities, and special schools and colleges, are great, but these benefit only the upper classes, commencing with the skilled workmen and small tradesmen, and ending with the wealthiest and the gentry, whose sons and daughters can complete their university career with a very small outlay on the part of their families for their maintenance, and the payment of the insignificant taxes for admission, examination, degrees, etc. It is true that all the educational establishments are open to all classes, but the largest and poorest class cannot avail themselves, because as soon as a boy

*I quote from the proof-sheets kindly furnished by Director-General Bodio of his forthcoming volume of statistics for 1890.

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or girl is ten or eleven years old he or she must work or starve. Nearly twenty years ago, when the discovery of the "seventeen millions of unlettered Italians" produced one of those spasmodic agitations which from time to time aroused the dullest and laziest, and the system of compulsory and gratuitous instruction was initiated, Prof. Villari, in an article entitled "The School and the Social Question in Italy," to those who vaunted the number of elementary, technical, and drawing schools opened, made answer:

"This is the veriest irony. What is the alphabet to those who have neither air nor light, who live in filth and stench, whose wives and children have but the street for their homes? You will just effect nothing. And if you succeed in teaching the multitudes to read and write, leaving them in their present condition, you will have prepared one of the most tremendous of social revolutions. It is impossible that the masses, when they comprehend their situation, shall remain tranquil."

These words were written after the unity of Italy, with Rome for capital, was an accomplished fact. The starving masses, or a large portion of them, have been instructed, have sat for four or five consecutive years on the same school benches with the well-fed, well-dressed sons and daughters of merchants, manufacturers, landed proprietors, and capitalists; they have learned to read and write, to cast up accounts, a smattering of history, geography, and physical science; have been taught that all are equal, that all have equal rights and equal duties. Many a ragged urchin has carried off the prize or the "honorable mention" from the rich dullards; the family, generally the mother, has slaved a little harder to buy boots and breeches, dimly hoping that all this learning will enable the children to make their way in the world. But when the last examination is passed, and the common-school door closes on these lads or lassies, they find their children in the same condition as their parents before them, with, however, an extremely different estimate of what their condition is and of what it ought to be. In a country where "charity" of the rich to the poor is traditional, it is really inexplicable that only in a few isolated cases are there any provisions for teaching children trades, for helping them to find work when learnt; yet there are very numerous societies for helping "culprits who have finished their term of imprisonment" to find employment.

Who fill the prisons? Chiefly the unoccupied and now discontented masses, who, unable in a legitimate manner to satisfy what they have been taught to consider their "legitimate aspirations," either help themselves to other people's property, or commit deeds of violence for which the penalty must be paid. If the "prison population" has diminished since 1880 (when it stood at 80,000) to less than 70,000, this is due less to the actual decrease of crime than to the greater celerity of trials and to bail being more frequently granted. Had there been in each centre an industrial school such as that established and carried to perfection by Alfonso Casenova of Naples, the numbers might have been reduced to at least half. And at one time there was a very settled determination to establish generally such schools. But, as the Prussians used to say to the poor French peasants when they requisitioned cows, geese, ducks, and turkeys, "Plébiscite, plébiscite!" so in Italy every sin of omission and commission must be laid at the door of armed peace and African policy.

I have said that Italy spends $10,000,000 on elementary instruction and stops there, as far as the "masses" are concerned; but what does she expend on the whole is the question, and how is the chief part spent? In 1871, the first year that the whole country was united in Rome, the revenue derived from all sources amounted to $193,000,000, her expenditures to $202,000,000; showing a deficit of $19,000,000. Only in the year of grace 1884–5 do we find income and expenses evenly balanced. Then set in Italy's so-called necessity for armaments on a grand scale and her mania for foreign colonists. Here is her balance-sheet for 1888–9: Revenue $300,000,000, expenditure $347,000,000; deficit $47,000,000. For this enormous expenditure she can show an enormous standing army and a magnificent fleet, her African colony, and the Triple Alliance, which consume more than 27 per cent. of the entire revenue. All the money comes out of the pockets of the taxpayers, in one form or another, the land is overburdened, commercial and industrial enterprise stagnates, while the tax on consumption levied by the State, the province, and the commune raises the price of every article of food. The manufacturers cannot increase the number of hands nor raise wages, the landlords and farmers cannot improve their lands nor give more than starvation wages. Hence, especially during the last two months, the general agitation, the strikes, the dismal processions of the unoccupied.

I should be the first to admit that the discontent of the masses which does exist is fomented and rendered permanent by professional agitators, who go about among the people preaching to them of their misery, urging them to strike; by political wire-pullers who, in public and through the press, assure the people that "it is all the fault of the Government if they are not well fed, well clothed, well housed." The world-wide demonstrations of the 1st of May found their echo in Italy, but scarcely any disorders occurred, and the Government took proper precautions to prevent them.* But strikes since then have been the order of the day. There was actually a strike in the Orlando establishment at Leghorn, where the skilled and unskilled workmen receive better wages and are better treated in every respect than in any other large dockyard in Italy. The masters yielded to all the reasonable and to some of the unreasonable demands rather than close their workshops or summon men from other parts of Italy. In another large foundry the men have struck because the owners, who have large stock unsold, *refused to allow their men to work more than eight hours.* The sulphur-miners in the Romagna struck because the sulphur-work wage in Sicily, owing to the rise in the price of sulphur, is higher than theirs, though they well knew that, rather than close the mines during the winter, the owners had worked at a loss, and at last year's prices had pledged all this year's output. At Ravenna the bakers struck for a rise of two dollars per month; this granted, they struck for four dollars. These strikes we place among the unreasonable. But the clamor for work or bread of thousands of unoccupied men and women in several provinces cannot be attributed to any other cause than the fact that the promised works have not been commenced in time, and that bread is literally wanting. The sad catastrophe of Conselice is a case in point. This little town, thirty-seven kilometres from Ferrara and thirty from Ravenna, was the birthplace of Felice Foresti, whose name is not yet forgotten in New York, where, when released with Silvio Pellico from the Spielberg, he spent many years of exile. Returning as American Consul to Italy, he there died and was buried, "Wrapped in the flag which now illumes the West."

Conselice is one of the seven communes of Lugo, in the province of Ravenna, throughout which the beneficial system of *mezzàdria* has almost disappeared; hence the enormous increase of the *braccianti* (day laborers). When the men get full work for all the working days in the year, it was shown by the Marquis Tanara, the Commissioner for the provinces of Forlì, Ravenna, Ferrara, Modena, Reggio, Emilia, and Parma, that their earnings rarely exceed 350 francs ($70). Of this, one-third is earned in the harvesting months, whereas in January and February five cents per day is the utmost they can hope for. The women earn less than half that sum. On working days some "small wine" is distributed; their house-rent (for huts and hovels "which form a sad contrast to the magnificent stables of the cattle") costs $10 per annum. The land, especially about Conselice, is low and marshy; the chief produce fodder and rice. This year there has been next to no work. The proprietors of the soil, who own from thousands to ten or less acres, have not gone in for any new works, the exportation of cattle being nil; the cultivation of rice, owing to the enormous importations of inferior quality, has not been extended. The Romagnole as a whole do not take kindly to emigration. They go out in bands to other provinces where work is to be had, but this year none was to be heard of anywhere, and the mayors of the entire province had repeatedly warned the Prefect that the people would not long consent to "starve quietly."

About the middle of May things came to a climax. Unoccupied men sent deputations to the mayors asking for work. On the 19th the Royal Commissary of Conselice (where the Town Council has been dissolved) distributed a thousand francs' worth of maize flour to families who were literally without a meal. Meanwhile the rice-weeding season commenced. This is women's work, and very unhealthy and toilsome. From 5 A. M. to 7 P. M., with three hours' rest, the women, many of whom live at two, three, or even five kilometres' distance, work ankle deep in fetid water under the burning sun, eating what they bring with them, drinking such small wine as the "master" sees fit to furnish. Many of the proprietors this year have paid 1 franc per day; the Duke Massari's agent offered but 65 centimes. The women and girls, on whose earnings the disoccupied men have this year to live, demanded a franc, and were refused. They struck, and sent a deputation to the Royal Commissary at Conselice, where the disoccupied men were clamoring for work. The Commissary telegraphed to the agents of the Duke to get permission for the rise; it appeared that this was granted, but when the women, at 5 A. M. on the morning of the 21st, went to work, they were offered only 80 centimes. They all struck, and marched in a body to Conselice, where the disoccupied men again were assembled.

The delegate of police, fearing disorders, had summoned carbineers from Lugo, a company of the line from Ravenna, and these were drawn up in the market place. The Royal Commissary received a deputation of the women, and assured them that the Duke's agent had misunderstood the telegram; that the franc would be accorded. Then the male deputation made for the staircase of the town hall. The lieutenant of the carbineers refused access; the men insisting, he ordered arrests and himself sprang down the steps to lay hold on a ringleader. A stone flung from the crowd stunned him and he fell; one of his men fired and killed a young woman whose back was

* The Constitution admits the right of public meetings, but the Government has the power to forbid them when public tranquillity may seem in danger.

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turned in flight; then, without any order from their captain, the soldiers of the line fired into the crowd; result: three killed, seventeen wounded. The lieutenant of the carbineers broke his shoulderblade in his fall; others were contused with stones. On the morrow the Duke Massari granted the franc, and has been lavish of money and food to the wounded and the families of the dead. The Government licensed a number of public works without waiting for all the red-tape formalities to be performed, and work there is now ample and sufficient for the unoccupied until the reaping season begins.

These are the "facts of Conselice" out of which the Radicals, anarchists, and rowdies in general hoped to make sufficient capital to overthrow the Government. On the other hand, the Conservatives clamored for a return to their policy, affirming that, but for Crispi's radicalism and the presence of Fortis in the Government, no disorders would have occurred, forgetting that the facts of Conselice are but a faint reproduction of the grist-tax riots in 1874. Fortis insisted on being thrown overboard, and resigned. A speech from Crispi which took all the ultras by surprise, was followed by a vote of confidence in the Government of 328 to 61. Bonghi, who had caressed the hope that by his means Crispi was to be led into the Conservative fold, after listening to the "yeas" of many pillars of the Conservative church, poured out his lamentations in an article entitled "Finis Dextrae," but the opinion of the country ratifies the vote, and once more Crispi has the power for good or evil in his hands. There is peace in Europe, and, with the ripening crops, there is work for the unoccupied, bread for the hungry. But with the fall again the terrible question will arise—the question stated for England by Carlyle in his 'Past and Present':

"Behold us here so many thousands—millions—and increasing at the rate of fifty every hour. We are right willing and able to work, and on the planet earth is plenty of work and wages for a million times as many. We ask you if you mean to lead us towards work? Try to lead us by ways new, never yet heard of till this new unheard-of time; or, if you declare you cannot lead us, and expect that we are to remain quietly unled, and in a composed manner die of starvation, what is it you mean to do with us? This question, I say, has been put in the hearing of all Britain, and will be again put, and ever again, till some answer be given." J. W. M.

THE SALON AT THE CHAMP DE MARS.

PARIS, May, 1890.

THE opening of the new Salon in the Champ de Mars has been the event of the year in the art world of Paris. That it should far surpass in interest and distinction the old Salon in the Champs-Élysées is a surprise to no one; its artistic success was assured by the names of the men who, with M. Meissonier as their leader, deserted their old headquarters to form for themselves a Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. But that it should prove, as it has, one of the most brilliant and masterly exhibitions held for some years, even in France, is to many an unexpected, and therefore delightful, revelation of the strong vitality of the modern art, not merely of France, but of the world—for many leading Scandinavians, Americans, Germans, and Englishmen, as well as Frenchmen, are represented.

At the old Salon, though to any one fresh from the London exhibitions the general average seems very high, the most striking fact is the small number of pictures of note. As at the Royal Academy, few stand out with prominence. The leading artists who remained stanch in their allegiance to it have, one might think, been almost paralyzed by the unfortunate schism. Bonnat is strangely wooden and stiff in his portrait of President Carnot. Benjamin Constant comes very near a failure in his big monochrome, one might call it, of Beethoven playing his Moonlight Sonata to his friends; Henner adds little to his reputation by his "Melancholy" and a portrait, though in each is the same richness of color which distinguishes all his work; Laurens somehow fails to be interesting in his elaborate portrait of a lady in a richly decorated room; Jules Lefebvre is academically correct, but artistically insipid, in a vast stretch of canvas representing Lady Godiva riding naked through the streets of Coventry. Munkácsy is exhibiting here for the first time in twelve years, but his chief exhibit is a large ceiling for the Museum at Vienna, which, as it hangs on the wall, instead of being seen, as it is intended to be, above one's head, can only startle one by the rapid perspective of its architecture and the curious foreshortening of its figures. Really, if one mentions a charge of an artillery regiment of the Second Empire by Detaille, in which he shows less consciousness than usual of the requirements of the reproductive process to which his paintings are eventually submitted, and therefore greater breadth of treatment; a spirited Roman chariot-race by Checa; a strong study of sunshine, nominally the entry of President Carnot into Agen, by Henri Martin; one of Jules Breton's stately peasant women in a quiet landscape; a very bright, rich study of a white cow by Jules Dupré—one has almost exhausted the list of important contributions. I do not mean that there is not much good work besides these few things to be found in the innumerable galleries of the Palais de l'Industrie. But there is little else that compels notice for originality in conception or execution, or challenges criticism by marked individuality in style, technique, or color. The collection shows admirably how very high is the standard of art that prevails in France; it reveals little, however, of the genius or talent of any one man.

On the other hand, at the Champ de Mars there is scarcely an exhibitor who does not command special attention. The brilliancy of the exhibition as a whole is not more marked than the strong and individual character of the work of almost every artist represented. Here each man seems to have painted the pictures he sends, not merely because he had mastered the technique of his art, but because he had something to say to which he could only give expression in paint. Either he wished to record some fact in nature hitherto unrecorded, or else his own particular impression of some effect of light or color or some phase of human character. This collection is a proof not merely that there are good masters and intelligent students in French *ateliers*, but that among modern artists are men of undoubted genius and innovators of daring originality. This result of their exhibition will justify the seceders from the old society in at least one of the reasons for their secession. For it is certain that much more can be learned of the methods and qualities of a painter when half-a-dozen or more examples of his work can be studied, than when only two are to be seen, as at the old Salon. One may complain when Academicians and Associates monopolize the line at the Royal Academy in London; but no one objects when a Carolus-Duran, a Besnard, or a Lhermitte claims the same privilege. And, moreover, in the Palais des Beaux-Arts but limited space is found for incompetence or mediocrity. There are, of course, canvases that might have been dispensed with, but these are in a very large minority. The quality of their work, and not election into a royal institution, gives the exhibitors their right to as much space on the walls as they demand. Not only is the number of pictures hung (there are but 910) very small in proportion to the thousands accepted at the old Salon, but the proportion of contributors is still smaller. Consequently the new Salon really represents a picked body of artists, and these not of any one school or clique, but of methods and styles as opposed as those of Besnard and Ribot, of Meissonier and Boldini, of Montenard and Billotte.

It is also worth noting that the arrangements for exhibiting this unusually fine collection are unusually good. They prove how much the general effect of a picture exhibition depends upon artistic thought and care in the hanging. There is no senseless piling of frames above frames; often there is but the one painting on the line; except in the black-and-white and water-color rooms, works contributed are never hung more than two deep. As a rule, all the examples of one man are grouped together. A fine ceiling by Besnard for the Hôtel de Ville is shown, not senselessly on the walls, as is the case with Munkácsy's at the old Salon, but where one can really look at it with pleasure—on the ceiling of a gallery set apart for a "Conversation Room." Galland's decorations for the same building are also in their proper places, and the large decorative design by Puvis de Chavannes, destined for the Museum at Rouen, is set up on the wall at exactly the same height at which it will eventually be seen, and in a framework very similar to that which is later to enclose it.

This work is one of the most important in the show. It is called "Inter Artes et Naturam," and is very charming in color and fine in decorative feeling. A row of apple-trees, laden with fruit, interlace their branches to make an effective frieze-like arrangement in the foreground. Under their shade, and on soft turf, over which are scattered here and there pale-blue and pink blossoms, are the figures of men and women and the ruins of Gothic and classic buildings which explain the allegory; while in the distance is that marvellous view of Rouen, its cathedral towering above its clustered house-roofs, the Seine winding its way through the green valley towards it, which one sees from the hills just outside the town, and which Flaubert has described for once and all in 'Madame Bovary.' The old Tuscans and Venetians themselves did not make better use in their frescoes of the landscapes they knew and loved than the modern French artist has done of the lovely country that lies round that city, one of the principal buildings of which it is his privilege to decorate. What specially strikes one is the beauty of the quiet color, so eminently adapted to the purposes of decoration. With the faint mist that shrouds foreground and distance alike, softening the greens of the foliage, the red of the ripe fruit, and the violets and pinks of the draperies of the female figures, the whole composition is very restful and pleasant to the eye.

M. Puvis de Chavannes is not the only modern Frenchman who understands the value of soft cool tones in large decorative designs. M. Binet also makes good use of them in an enormous panel for one of the rooms in the Hôtel de Ville, which has for subject an attack of artillerymen upon the ramparts of a town. And gray is the prevailing color in M. H. Lerolle's two designs for the Church of St. Martin in Paris, one representing the saint

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sharing his cloak with a beggar, the other his vision of Christ and his angels.

M. Meissonier, though he is President of the new Society, has contented himself with contributing only one example of his careful work, "October, 1806." It is somewhat larger than his usual canvases, and shows Napoleon descending towards the battle-field, in the very heat of the conflict. It is distinguished by the well-known beauty of finish and accurate rendering of detail, so characteristic of his painting. But it must be confessed that, compared to the vivid and intensely true impressions of men of a more modern school, it seems lacking somewhat in life and genuineness.

The exhibition is very strong in portraits, in which the London shows are so weak. M. Carolus-Duran has perhaps never been seen to greater advantage, except last year at the General Exposition. He has no less than four full-length portraits, as well as three small ones, and a masterly study of the nude. Nothing could be more charming than a girl in gray, with pink sash and fichu, who stands, her gloved hands clasped a little below her waist, as simply and as gracefully as Holbein's Christina of Milan, against a curtain of a darker gray. The face is admirably painted, the pose delightful, and the color scheme a fine harmony. In striking contrast, by the same master, is a lady in red velvet, just throwing back a fur cloak, as rich and voluptuous in color and suggestion as the other is quiet and restrained. His study of the nude makes one wish he would oftener give us proofs of his skill in flesh-painting: the girl, with auburn hair drawn up in a mass on top of her head, sits, with her back turned towards you, on red cushions in front of a red curtain, just pulled aside to give a glimpse of a green landscape beyond, the brilliant reds bringing out in strong relief her beautiful white body, which is drawn with consummate knowledge and treated with great refinement. M. Roll has a very attractive subject in Mme. Jane Hading, whom he shows in a black evening dress, her head, with its golden hair, resting against a fur robe thrown over the back of the large chair in which she is sitting, and, as if to bring out still more forcibly her grace and elegance and the luxury of her surroundings, he has hung close by a study of a grim, hard-featured peasant woman, who has never known the meaning of the word rest, and whose life has been one of coarse manual work. He is happy, too, in his Coquelin Cadet in the very act of reciting, with that familiar gesture of the hands which suggests his greater brother, and that irresistible expression of simple folly that makes his *Pierrot* so delightful. Very strong is M. Lhermitte's portrait of Ste.-Claire-Deville in his laboratory, surrounded by his assistants and pupils; each vigorously modelled head is a portrait in itself, and all the details, the table, with its jars of chemicals, its glass dishes and phials, its apparatus for experiment, are worked out with the utmost care, and yet always well subordinated to the figures upon which interest centres. This is good, honest, straightforward work. Another portrait group which is attracting attention is Gervex's of the staff of *La République Française*, but it has not quite the strength or power of Lhermitte's work of the same kind.

Mr. Sargent has sent his wonderful portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as *Lady Macbeth*, exhibited last year in the New Gallery, and another of a lady in white evening gown; and Mr. Dannat covers a corner of one ot the galleries with portraits, of which the smallest are the best. I do not think I have ever seen a child more satisfactorily painted than in a portrait by M. Edelfelt, the Scandinavian painter, of a little boy in his nursery; he has just turned from the table where he has been playing with tin soldiers, and is looking up with that half-ashamed, half-pleased expression of children suddenly interrupted in their play. The painting is filled with the right feeling of childhood, and not with the sentimental prettiness which Sir John Millais has made popular in England.

Another strong feature of the collection is the number of successful studies of sunlight and open-air and atmospheric effects. Figure subjects are studied out of doors, or, if represented in an interior, they are seen in the strong light of a lamp or fire, or of the sun shining through open doors and windows. Nothing could be truer than M. Besnard's impressions of these effects, startling as they at first seem. He has a picture of his own family assembled in a bright sunny room, in which the values are marvellously given, while the color is at once brilliant and refined; and his "Vision de Femme," a semi-nude female figure in a sunlit garden of pink and white oleanders against a mass of golden green foliage, is simply dazzling. Still more blinding is the light in M. Dinet's "Snake-Charmer," performing to a group of Orientals in the full glare of the Eastern sun. But it is really impossible here, in the small space at my disposal, to enumerate all the strikingly fine examples. I can just mention, among the most conspicuous, Montenard's beautiful renderings of Provençal effects; Dubufe's series of sketches in Capri, in which he gives most admirably the staring white roads and villages of Italy; Thaulow's studies of snow, in which he does for Norway what Segantini does for the Italian Alps; Courtens's woods in autumn, delightfully rich, with all the golden trees reflected in a quiet stream, where a man in his boat rests on his oars; Sisley's Monet-inspired French landscapes. The broad feeling which has influenced the Hanging Committee in its work is nowhere better emphasized than in the contrast between these brilliant impressions and the gray, shadowy work of Carrière and Billotte.

I have said nothing of the very strong showing made by M. Alfred Stevens, of the portraits by Boldini, so startlingly realistic that they seem indeed to overstep the boundaries of realism in art, of the landscapes by Mr. Alexander Harrison, lovelier in color than almost anything this artist has yet painted. I have not even referred to the fine pastels by M. Carrier-Belleuse; to the drawings by M. Renouard, to whom there is question among his Parisian friends of giving the cross of the Legion of Honor; to the powerful and awful "Death" by the sculptor Desbois. I have not as much as mentioned the names of Jean Béraud, Uhde, Liebermann, Louis Deschamps, Cazin, Dagnan-Bouveret (the latter, however, has nothing of great importance). But the truth is, that whereas in most exhibitions it is always easier to point out the few good things, at the Champ de Mars the simplest task would be to give the list of the bad work. Much as one regrets that there should be any discord among French artists, one cannot but realize that, from the evil, good, in the form of this exceptionally interesting exhibition, has come.

A NOBLEMAN OF THE OLD RÉGIME.—II.

PARIS, June 12, 1890.

WE left Baron des Cars in Prussia, witnessing reviews on the staff of Frederic II. and visiting battle-fields. He became acquainted with Prince Henry, the brother of the King, who was a great lover and admirer of France and French manners. On his return to France he found the country in the first commotions of the French Revolution. He took sides with the most ardent Royalists against M. Necker, against the *Tiers* of the States-General. He speaks of "the horrible, infamous, and for ever execrable day of the *Jeu de paume*, which must be considered the forerunner of the infernal tribunal which, some years later, assassinated the most just of Kings." He was in harmony with the ideas of the Comte d'Artois, considered Necker as a traitor and the States-General as rebels. The Duke of Orleans had had himself appointed a deputy of the *Tiers*, as the bailiff of one of his estates. Des Cars asked him what advantage he, a prince of the blood, could find in appearing in the States-General as a village bailiff. "Oh," said the Duke, "I have been exiled; when I wished to go to England, I have several times been forbidden to go. I don't care what the States-General may do; but I wanted to be in it, so as to secure individual liberty, and to give my vote for a law which will allow me to sleep at Raincy if I have a fancy to do so, and not to sleep at Villers-Cotterets when I don't want to go there. I don't care a bit for all the rest."

Necker was dismissed for a few days, and then recalled under the growing pressure of public opinion. The Comte d'Artois was already gone. He wrote to Louis XVI.: "You ought to send me Baron des Cars; he knows foreign countries well, and is known in them; I think he will be more useful abroad than at home." Neither the Comte d'Artois nor Louis XVI. knew exactly at that time what sort of help they wanted. The King bade Des Cars "go and join my brother," and Des Cars left for Spa, where the Comte d'Artois then resided. He had been appointed Minister to Berlin a little before; he hardly knew himself what his mission was to be in Germany. Everything in France was in a state of complete confusion. Des Cars had so far only studied Germany from the military point of view; he had now to study it from a political standpoint—not an easy task, for the Treaty of Westphalia had left Germany in a very confused and complicated state. He remained some time in Cologne, in Mayence at the court of the Elector, with the Princes of Würtemberg and of Bavaria at Stuttgart and at Munich, with the Prince Cardinal Bishop of Passau. He gives graphic accounts of these little courts.

At Vienna he saw the Emperor Joseph, who recalled to him all the suppers they had had together in Paris, and spoke of the famous representation of Gluck's "Iphigénie" at the Opera, when the singer had to repeat twice the beautiful air: "Chantons, célébrons notre reine." Alas, the times were changed; the Queen was now very unpopular. The Emperor thought that Louis XVI. had made a great mistake in allowing the departure of the Comte d'Artois and the Princes of Condé. "It would have been better to send them to the provinces, and to form camps in order to preserve the troops from being corrupted and to keep them faithful. Your Constituent Assembly commits many follies, but it is right in attacking the clergy. I myself set the first example of it." News of the troubled days of the 5th and 6th of October arrived in Vienna. The Emperor Joseph was sorry to see the King and the Queen prisoners of the Parisian mob, but he found great fault with the King's behavoir, and his sentiments with regard to Marie Antoinette were very cold. His health was broken. He was more busied with the affairs of Belgium and Turkey than with those of France. Joseph expired on the 20th of Feb-

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ruary, 1790, and his brother Leopold became Emperor.

Kaunitz is admirably described. In order to gain his notice and affection, it was necessary to go and see him ride in his riding-school. His servants prepared his horses for him, and he finished them off before a great looking-glass. He held in the evening a real court, and rendered despotic judgments on literature and the fine arts. He always kept the Papal Nuncio on his right, an ambassador on his left, and he named every evening the four or five persons who were to complete his circle. Des Cars often had that honor, and sat down while many marshals, generals, and knights of the Golden Fleece were standing behind him.

Des Cars was in constant unofficial communication with the new Emperor. He describes him in these words:

"Leopold, under a bourgeois and bonhomme exterior, had contracted in Tuscany an Italian dissimulation. His policy would, I believe, have been more adroit if it had been more frank. He pitied Louis XVI., but reproached him for his weakness of character. He would have preferred modes of seducing and corrupting the Constituent Assembly to the warlike remedies which were often proposed to him. But when, adopting his ideas, I offered to substitute for the cost of a campaign the sacrifice of a few millions, which his ambassador, who was still in Paris, might have distributed in the Assembly, he hesitated between the two systems."

He often said that he would not decide on war as long as he was not sure of Prussia; and finally he determined Prussia, a year after, to make common cause with Austria. He used to show to Des Cars the infrequent letters which he received from his sister, Marie Antoinette. Sometimes she seemed full of confidence in the Comte d'Artois and in Monsieur, sometimes she seemed afraid of their action. Leopold was very anxious that Louis XVI. should escape from Paris and go, for instance, to Valenciennes. "Once there, the Assembly will treat with him and become reasonable."

The French emigrants were much divided: Calonne was in favor of an armed and extensive emigration; Des Cars saw the dangers of this policy: "Being a soldier, and knowing the French officers, I was opposed to the idea of raising out of France an army composed merely of officers and of gentlemen." Such an army, even if the emigration were universal, could not but be small; the National Assembly would arm the whole of France. M. de Calonne offered to reconstitute outside of France the regiments of the King's household. "You are very sure of the King, or very bold," said Des Cars to him, "if you propose to the Comte d'Artois to reform, on this side of the Rhine, regiments which the King himself has destroyed." At the end of this conversation, which took place at Arras, the Bishop of Arras said, with a stentorian voice: "I thought that M. des Cars was a Royalist; he is only a *monarchien*."

The news of the flight to Varennes, and of the arrest of the royal family, caused great consternation in the camps of the emigrants. For a moment they had hoped to see Louis XVI. at Lille, or Valenciennes, summoning near his person all his faithful subjects; now he was a prisoner, and, for a King, the distance is not great from the prison to the scaffold. Among the sovereigns, the most ardent in the defence of Louis XVI. was Gustavus III., King of Sweden. He was of a romantic disposition, very eager, but unfortunately very unpopular with the Swedish nobility. Des Cars was sent to him; the Comte d'Artois had assured him at Dresden that he would find in Sweden a squadron all ready to transport an army to the Norman or Breton coast; that the King of Spain was to grant a subsidy of four millions on the day the expedition left the Swedish port; that Russia also offered a subsidy. Des Cars found things in a very different state: no army, no navy, no money. The Estates were very much indisposed to give Gustavus the means for a new war; the King and two or three favorites of his were the only people who thought of playing a part in the restoration of the French monarchy. The King looked upon France as being the oldest and most faithful ally of Sweden, but his country had been exhausted by the enormous expenses of the Finland war, and he could ask no more from his subjects. Des Cars was a witness of all the events which preceded the assassination of the King at a masked ball at the Opera; he saw the King before his death, who gave him a last message for Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. One of the assassins, Ankerström, was executed; the four others were also condemned to capital punishment, but, to the surprise of all, the Regent commuted the penalty to perpetual banishment. Ribbing came to France, where the Jacobins lionized him. Des Cars says that he saw him afterwards with horror in Paris, where he was called "le beau régicide." Des Cars was no friend of the French Jacobins; still he writes:

"I will make bold to exculpate the French Jacobins from an imputation, which I have often heard, of having contributed to the assassination of the King of Sweden. During a long sojourn in that country, I was able to understand well the spirit of the court, of the city, and of the nation, and I repeat that the Swedish nobility needed no auxiliaries; that after the promulgation of the 'Act of Union and Surety' and the arrest and imprisonment of eighty noblemen, there had hardly been a day when Gustavus's life was not in danger. The Jacobins of France applauded this crime, but I say that it belongs completely to Sweden alone, and to the order of its nobility."

Des Cars did not believe in the sincerity of Catherine of Russia's offers of service to the King of Sweden, in the French cause; he considered her as only seriously preoccupied, under cover of this cause, in bringing about the consummation of her ambitious views with regard to Poland. Des Cars left Sweden, not without pleasure, and resolved to plant himself somewhere in Germany, with the small resources which he still had (his father-in-law paid him very exactly 50 louis a month, wherever he was, and he had about 50,000 francs' worth of diamonds). His wife had died of consumption at the Mont d'Or, during his absence, and he met at Berlin Mme. de Nadaillac (born Rosalie de la Ferrière), whom he married in 1798. Here his memoirs end. He lived in Berlin for a while and came back to France under the Empire; he resided at the Château de la Ferrière, which belonged to his wife. Mme. des Cars spoke too freely on the subject of Napoleon; she was arrested and conducted to the Island of Ste. Marguerite, where the Iron Mask had been imprisoned. She was, after thirty-three days of detention, allowed to go to Nice, and afterwards to Lorraine.

On the return of the Bourbons, Des Cars was appointed Lieutenant-General, and he entered on his functions of first maître d'hôtel to Louis XVIII. He presided, in that capacity, at the table of the King's guests. His brother, to whom he was always much devoted, died in 1815, and he succeeded to his title of Comte des Cars. During the Hundred Days, he went to England; an attack of gout had hindered him from going to Belgium while the road was still practicable. On his return to France Louis XVIII. made him a Duke. He died on the 9th of September, 1822, leaving no issue, and his cousin, the Count François, became the head of the family. He had a twin sister, married in 1767 to M. Paris de Montmartel, a rich financier, who became afterwards the Marquis de Brunoy. The union was not happy, and by mutual consent a separation took place. Mme. de Brunoy had a salon and was a person of great culture. She died in 1823, the same year as her cousin, the Comte François des Cars, who had been gentleman-in-waiting to the Comte d'Artois, and had lived with him during the emigration.

Correspondence.

FORT TICONDEROGA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am at a loss to account for the information you received regarding the disfigurement of the walls of Fort Ticonderoga.

On visiting the Fort last week, I found the west wall still covered with the staring white letters of an advertisement as described by Mr. W. Morton Fullerton in the May *Fortnightly*.

Very truly yours, H. S. H.

Boston, June 18, 1890.

AN INQUIRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is charged by people who ought to know, that Congressmen are in the habit of turning over to their private secretaries the public documents falling to their lot, and that the latter, instead of holding these documents for distribution to the public, sell them to book-dealers in Washington for their personal profit. While this, if true, is not the most crying abuse of the hour, it is worth calling attention to. I wish we might know if it is true, and, if true, stop it.—Very truly,

R. L. E.

Crete, Neb., June 19, 1890.

PENSIONS AS LIFE INSURANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent has recently had his attention called to a humorous feature of the pension business which will perhaps be as new to your readers as it was to him. It is the frequency of the marriages between the old soldiers and the young women of this neighborhood. An enterprising girl from the poorer classes of Appomattox or one of the adjoining counties sends her photograph to the Soldiers' Home at Hampton, Va., a veteran responds, and the knot is tied. No less than twenty such marriages are reported within a radius of five miles of this place. There would be an element of romance in this surrender of the old soldiers to the charms of beauty, on the spot where Lee's army capitulated, if it were not for the purely business nature of the transaction. A soldier with a pension is a gold mine, and his death, which must take place soon in the course of nature, leaves the young widow in the enjoyment of his pension for the remaining years of her life. A. J. McKelway.

Pamplin City, Va., June 21, 1890.

WORDS NOT IN THE DICTIONARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter from Dr. J. A. H. Murray, in your issue of June 12, on the subject of the word *colin*, impels me to express the hope that he will have the word—similar in lettering and in sound, though wholly unlike etymologically—*colen*, in the next volume of his Dictionary. It would naturally be supposed that it would be there, as a matter of course, for it occurs no

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less than three times in Joseph Rodman Drake's 'Culprit Fay,' each time as the first half of a compound word, appearing thus in the third line of the tenth stanza :

"Then plucked a crimson *colen*-bell,"

the word being repeated in the nineteenth stanza, and used with this slight variation in the twentieth :

"And held his *colen*-goblet up."

The reason for fearing that Dr. Murray may not get hold of the word lies in the fact that the voluminous 'Century Dictionary,' published on lines parallel with those of Murray's, does not contain it, and, what is more, neither the Century nor Murray's, both of which have got past that word, makes any mention of *bootle*. And yet that word, also, occurs in the 'Culprit Fay,' in the eighteenth stanza, as follows:

"An oar he shaped of the *bootle*-blade,"

and again in the nineteenth:

"The heavy strokes of his *bootle*-blade."

It seems to me that for two dictionaries which make the boast of containing every word ever used by any reputable author, these two omissions are very discreditable. Even if it be claimed and admitted that the words in question have no real meaning outside of the mind of the person using them, the fact that they appear in a poem of the exalted character and permanent reputation of the 'Culprit Fay' should entitle them to admission, if only for the purpose of classifying them as imaginary. It is obvious that the poet means by the word *colen* to indicate some flowering plant; can any of your readers give a hint as to the possible signification of *bootle* ?

Yours respectfully, WM. F. PECK.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 20, 1890.

Notes.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the appearance in Europe of Mr. Stanley's 'In Darkest Africa,' Charles Scribner's Sons will issue the book in this country on June 28.

The Shakspere Society of New York will resume their Publications in a second series, consisting of unexpurgated reprints of the Old English Miracle Plays, Mysteries, and Moralities, as illustrating the growth of the drama up to Shakspere's time, together with the least-known and edited English plays contemporary with Shakspere's own work. These will be issued in the style of the Bankside Shakspere, from the Riverside Press, to the number of 250, printed from type and not from plates. Mr. L. L. Lawrence, No. 21 Park Row, will receive subscriptions to this series.

The Historical Printing Club, 97 Clark Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., announce that they have in press, edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford, a Revolutionary Orderly Book of General William Heath; and 'The Harrisburg Convention of 1788: A Study in Popular Government,' by Paul Leicester Ford. They also have begun a series, entitled "Winnowings in American History," to consist of original publications from MSS., reprints of rare tracts, and selections from old newspapers. Four numbers are in press, being 'An Account of a Plan for Civilizing the North American Indians, Proposed in the Eighteenth Century by John Daniel Hammerer,' printed from the only known copy; 'Report on the Management of Estates Sequestered in South Carolina, 1780–82, by John Cruden'; 'A Short History and Description of Fort Niagara, Written by an English Prisoner, 1758,' and 'Proceedings of a Council of War Held at Burke Jail, Georgia, 1779, with a Narrative of the Subsequent Proceedings and the Proclamation issued by Col. John Ingram.' Only 250 copies of each are printed.

Mr. W. H. Goodyear, 145 East Forty-ninth Street, New York, sends us a prospectus of his 'Grammar of the Lotus; being a New History of Classic Ornament as a Development of Sun Worship.' There will be 1,200 illustrations in 500 plates, and 200 pages of text, small atlas size. The work will be issued to subscribers.

J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press 'European Days and Ways,' by Alfred E. Lee; 'In and Out of Book and Journal,' by Dr. A. Sydney Roberts, illustrated by Van Schaick; 'Classical Picture Gallery,' 144 plates of choice European examples, edited by Prof. von Reber and Dr. Bayersdorfer; 'Historic Note-Book,' by the Rev. E. Cobham-Brewer; and 'Gleanings for the Curious from the Harvest-Fields of Literature,' by Dr. C. C. Bombaugh.

The new volume of the "Book-Lovers' Library" will be on 'Newspaper Reporting in Olden Time and To-day,' by John Pendleton, and will be published by A. C. Armstrong & Son.

A. Lovell & Co. announce as forthcoming additions, respectively, to the Camelot Series, 'Northern Studies,' by Edmund Gosse, with two essays on Ibsen's poems and dramas; to the Great Writers' Series, lives of Browning and Byron.

A 'Complete Lexicon to the Latinity of Cæsar's Gallic War,' by E. G. Sihler, will be issued during the summer by Ginn & Co., and will be greeted with satisfaction by the student youth looking collegewards, and not less by teachers.

The "Students' Series of English Classics" (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn) aims to furnish annotated editions of the authors required for admission to many colleges, and is prepared by teachers experienced in the work. Miss Katharine Lee Bates of Wellesley College edits the present issue, a 'Ballad Book,' a collection of fifty of the most famous Scotch and English ballads, arranged topically under the heads of Superstition, Tradition, and Romantic and Domestic Ballads. The text follows the best sources with great care, and each ballad is briefly annotated at the end of the volume. A painstaking introductory essay discusses the history and literature of the subject, and elaborates methods of study for pupils many of which, as it seems to us, would be a weariness to the flesh; but, apart from these overwrought suggestions, the volume is a convenience in bringing the best ballads easily before youthful minds.

The Earl of Lytton has brought out a revised edition of a youthful romance, 'The Ring of Amasis' (Macmillan), being led thereto by the popularity of the work in America, where, he is told, "cheap reprints" of it are still circulated. He thinks that "the United States contains the largest and least sophisticated reading public," and is vexed that so imperfect a work should have been so long wandering "about so important a portion of the human world," and therefore he has rewritten every page and made the story substantially new. He seems oblivious of the potent cause of these "cheap reprints," and confounds piracy with that approval of foreign nations which used to be fame. He says very frankly that the romance was a poor work, and has been entirely forgotten in England, and so it furnishes an excellent example of the way in which literature is fostered by our present system, which causes the survival of the worst, or at least of inferior, English books which do not have to be paid for. 'The Ring of Amasis' itself in its new form is a romance of an antiquated kind, not without strength in the story and some psychological interest, but entirely without reality. It is curious rather as an illustration of the Egyptian tale of a generation ago, in distinction from Rider Haggard, for example, than for any other reason; but we remark in it, as in the reprint of Moore's 'Epicurean,' a refined and masculine English style, a pure literary taste, which one looks for in vain in our contemporary romances of this nature.

The so-called 'Ruskin Library' issued by John Wiley & Sons comprises, in a neat box, the 'Crown of Wild Olive,' 'Ethics of the Dust,' 'Queen of the Air,' and 'Sesame and Lilies.' The volumes are of moderate size for the hand, and in print and binding seem to us much the best of the reprints of Ruskin associated with this firm.

The latest of the "Knickerbocker Nuggets" of the Messrs. Putnam is a collection, by Paul Leicester Ford, entitled 'The Prefaces, Proverbs, and Poems of Benjamin Franklin,' as originally printed in Poor Richard's Almanacs for 1733–1758. Mr. Ford supplies an agreeable introduction, with curious bibliographical details concerning the vogue in all lands and tongues of the preface to the Almanac for 1758; and the pretty volume is embellished with a portrait of Franklin, and with facsimiles of the title-pages of the issues for 1733 and 1748 ("Poor Richard Improved").

The 'Annual Register' for 1889 bears for the last time the imprint of the Messrs. Rivington at the head of the associated firms who publish this long-lived record of current events. Nearly a hundred years, and *still more nearly* a hundred volumes, ago, namely, in the 'Annual Register' for 1791, issued in 1795, F. & C. Rivington supplanted J. Dodsley as the publishers, "in consequence of Mr. Dodsley's advanced time of life (whose zeal and assiduity in effecting a regular publication of many preceding volumes will not, we trust, be forgotten by the public)." But while the cares of publication were transferred to No. 62 St. Paul's Church-yard, the 'Register' was "sold also by J. Dodsley, Pall Mall." Hereafter, we suppose, the Messrs. Longman will have at least the leading imprint. The present volume calls for no other special remark, unless it relate to the fulness and care bestowed on the section dealing with the United States. To the regular features of chronicle of events, obituary, and reviews of literature, science, and art, is added a valuable account of the Parnell Commission's proceedings and findings. Pigott's examination is partly reported verbatim.

It speaks well for patriotic memories that new books telling of the sacrifices for the Union continue to be prepared. The latest, 'The Honors of the Empire State' (A. Lovell & Co.), compiled under the conviction that "forgiveness and forgetfulness are widely different," is a fragmentary and not very well-arranged sketch of what New York did in the civil war, with lists of men and places. Its motive is the best, and, barring some inevitable inaccuracies, it presents in a new form the names of heroic men and brief accounts of heroic deeds. The author, Mr. Thos. S. Townsend, also tells of what New Yorkers did as civilians to help the national cause.

A stout volume worthy of general attention, considering the subject, 'Pavements and Roads, Their Construction and Maintenance,' has been compiled from the files of the *Engineering and Building Record* by E. G. Love, Ph.D., and is published from the office of that journal in this city. It is well classified and is

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perhaps sufficiently indexed; and there are a few diagrams and other illustrations.

Two Salons, two official illustrated catalogues. That of the exhibition in the Champs-Elysées we have already noticed; that of the seceders, the 'Catalogue Officiel Illustré de la Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts,' in the Champ de Mars, comes next to hand (Paris: E. Bernard & Cie.). The later volume matches the earlier in size; the pictorial memoranda are more generally direct from the canvas. As the first record of the probably lasting schism in the ranks of French art, and of a magnanimous experiment in fraternization, this catalogue possesses an interest which makes it well worth preserving. The examples chosen for reproduction are in the main attractive and well calculated to stimulate desire to see the originals. The American reader will also derive a gentle amusement from the English rendering of the French titles, which practice will no doubt improve.

Prof. F. A. Leo of Berlin, the well-known Shakspere scholar, has privately printed a large-paper edition of fifty copies of his article on "The Autographs of Rosenkranz and Güldenstern," contributed to the *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*. It is a short description of a "Stammbuch," or album, recently discovered in the royal library of Stuttgart, which, the librarian believes, may have belonged to Duke Frederick I. of Würtemberg, and which appears to be an emblem-book, every other page being left blank for autographs, published by Christopher Plantin at Antwerp in 1571. On the blank pages are a large number of autographs collected by the owner in his travels. The first is that of the Emperor Maximilian II. of Germany, immediately followed by that of Frederick II. of Denmark and the leading German rulers and princes. Among the many less distinguished names are to be found Borgia, Fugger, and the astronomer Tycho Brahe. The main interest of the book for Shaksperian students is on page 70, where are the names and mottoes of the immortal Danish courtiers: "1577. In utraque fortuna ipsius fortune esto memor. Jörgen Rosenkrantz.—1577. Ferendum et sperandum. P. Güldenstern." Prof. Leo conjectures that the English actors who made a tour in Germany and Denmark during the latter part of the sixteenth century became acquainted with the two inseparables, and it was from their "vivid description of the behavior of the two court-clowns that Shakespeare was able to mould those immortal characters." An excellent zincographic reproduction of this page is given. We may add that not only do we find these names together in Shakspere and in the album, but also on the list of the students at the University of Padua at the common epoch.

African travel and exploration is the subject of the three papers contained in the June Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society. The place of honor is naturally given to Mr. Stanley's address before the Society on the geographical results of his expedition. This is followed by an interesting account, by Dr. Hans Meyer, of his repeated ascents of Kilima-njaro in the fall of 1889. He, with a single European companion and a coast negro, spent sixteen days on a plateau at an altitude of 14,270 feet, but reached by a slope so gentle that one could drive a carriage up it. Here and for a thousand feet higher grew lichens and flowering plants, yellow and violet being the predominating colors. Upon these come to feed great numbers of elands from the northern plains. The birds were represented by stonechats and swallows, who feed upon beetles, wasps, and flies, as well as on a "small black spider which lives far away up in the volcanic cinders." The mountain itself is about 19,700 feet in height, being capped by a "coat of icy mail more than 6,000 feet in height, and about the same in breadth," and forming "a spectacle probably not to be met with elsewhere on the earth's surface in similar grandeur." The third paper is by the Rt. Rev. G. W. H. Knight Bruce, the Bishop of Bloemfontein, giving notes of a recent journey through Mashonaland to the Zambezi, in which he carefully refrains from treating the political question of its ownership or its "supposed mineral wealth."

Two parts of vol. ii. of the *National Geographic Magazine* have been put forth by the Society at Washington. In addition to the annual reports of officers, there are three papers of permanent value, viz., in No. 1, "On the Telegraphic Determinations of Longitude by the Bureau of Navigation," by Lieut. J. A. Norris, U. S. N.; and in No. 2, "The Rivers of Northern New Jersey," by Prof. Wm. Morris Davis, and a "Critical Review of Bering's First Expedition, 1725–30," with a translation of his original report upon it, by Dr. Wm. H. Dall. Prof. Davis's paper is capitally illustrated by his own hand; Dr. Dall's is accompanied by Bering's chart with the true coast-lines superimposed in red.

There come to our table at the same time a pamphlet entitled 'The New Era of Phonography: A Few Facts concerning the Gabelsberger Shorthand System,' published on the one-hundredth anniversary of the inventor's birth (New York: E. N. Miner, 70 Broadway), and a circular announcement that the venerable Isaac Pitman has opened an office at No. 3 East Fourteenth Street in this city for the sale of his shorthand publications. The admirers of the Bavarian stenographer declare his system superior to all others. Our readers must be left to inform themselves in this controversy.

From the account of the close of the first academic year of Clark University, which occurred last week, without public exercises of commencement, and from the annual register, which has just been published, it appears that during the year 28 lecturers have given 33 courses, and that the members of the University now represent 48 different colleges; that two journals are now published in connection with the University, the smaller printing about 600 pages a year; that the library now receives about 200 periodicals, and has more than 10,000 volumes on its shelves. The plans of the Chemical Laboratory (built throughout of brick, and finished in cherry and birch) are now published for the first time. They show a total of 68 rooms, while the main building contains 90. The foundations of another department building are laid. The policy of receiving advanced students only is strictly adhered to. Ten fellowships, yielding $600 a year, and ten yielding $400, with ten scholarships yielding $200, making in all thirty appointments, have been established by the founder. Among these positions a few vacancies still remain. It should be remembered that all these appointments cover only the group of five scientific departments so far established by the University, whose policy, just reaffirmed by the trustees, is to strengthen departments already established before proceeding to new ones. Moreover, "while ability in teaching shall be held of great importance, the leading consideration in all engagements, reappointments, and promotions shall be the quality and quantity of successful investigation."

—The eighth volume of Dr. Furness's Variorum edition of Shakspere, devoted to "As You Like It" (Lippincott), follows the same plan as its predecessors: the folio text, with variant readings and explanatory notes from all sources, makes the body of the work, and the appendix discusses the date and sources, reprints Lodge's 'Rosalynde' and the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' touches on the actors and costumes, and collects the more important literary criticism of the play. The editor expresses with frankness the great pleasure he takes in this drama, and especially in *Rosalind*, and the whole series of commentary is lighted up by occasional flashes of this enthusiasm. He regards it as a peculiarly English play, and remarks on the difficulty foreigners have in appreciating it, and he brings out with much satisfaction the different interpretations of *Jaques*. He inclines to the view that Shakspere did not write from Lodge's novel, but remodelled a play out of which, he thinks, survive in the text the Clown of the earlier scenes, whom he will not identify with *Touchstone*, and also some parts of the last scene and a few inconsistencies in minutiæ. The text, with its notes, does not offer anything that calls for examination at this time, except that the cautious and sound judgment of the editor ought always to be praised in those instances where he ventures an opinion upon the merits of the commentators' suggestions in disputed passages; and the literary criticism of the play is not of sufficient proportions to be itself reviewed at length. We observe that the preface contains no promise for the future, but we hope that this is not an unfavorable sign with regard to the continuance of the editor's invaluable work.

—A novelty in periodical literature has appeared in London under the name of *Subjects of the Day*, "a Quarterly Review of Current Topics," edited by James Samuelson, each number of which is to be entirely given up to a single topic, and to form a volume in itself. Number one, for May, consists of 176 octavo pages devoted to State Education for the People, and contains twelve articles besides a bibliography and an index. The articles vary in length from the editorial summary of eight pages to an essay of twenty-four pages by Sir William Wilson Hunter on Education in India. The second article in point of length is an interesting one of twenty-three pages on Education in the United States, by the Rev. E. F. M. Maccarthy, Head Master of King Edward's Grammar School, Birmingham, who also writes on Education in Canada and Australia, and who seems to have been more successful in gathering correct information than most of his countrymen who have written on the United States. He finds much to praise in our system, but points out that the head scholars of an American high school have had five or six years' less teaching in Latin and Greek than those of an English high school, and adds that "most of the classical work that would be shown up by the scholars of the first class of an American high school, aged seventeen or thereabouts, would only pass muster in an English public school for boys of fifteen." Another remark he makes is, that "Latin or Greek verse composition is unknown; the Professor of Classical Literature at John [*sic*] Hopkins University (Baltimore) told the writer that he thought he was the only man in America who could write Greek Iambics, and he was an Oxford man." Very justly he finds fault with our excessive slavery to text-books and with a deficiency of properly trained teachers.

—Mr. Maccarthy's picture is not wholly black:

"But there are two institutions which must

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be excepted from most of the foregoing criticisms on American high schools—the Latin High School and the English High School, at Boston. That city is, as everybody is aware, the nursing mother of American national education. *Noblesse oblige*, and whatever Boston does in the matter of education is always worthy of its traditions and its enlightened educational faith. It has recently (1881) erected for the Boys' Latin and English High Schools, under one roof or series of roofs, what may be indeed called a school-palace, vying in the completeness of its equipment and architectural fitness with anything of which Vienna—that city of school-palaces—can boast. The late Bishop Fraser visited (in 1865) the English High School when it was in its old premises, and said of it even then, in his report to the Schools Inquiry Commission, that 'it ought to be put in a glass case and carried over to England,' as a specimen of what a school for the training of the English middle class for professional and business avocations should be. Would not his heart sink within him in despair at England ever rising to the same lofty conception of what is true wisdom in regard to the education of the middle classes, if he saw this school as it is now, in all the magnificent surroundings of its new home, with the most perfect class-room arrangements, with science lecture theatres, laboratories, and gymnasium, and with every newest device for securing the orderliness, health, and efficient instruction of its pupils?"

There is also a very lively article on the Education and Status of Women, by Mrs. Emily Crawford, who likewise has something to say about the United States; Sir Philip Magnus writes on Technical Instruction; there are separate articles on Education in England, in Scotland, in Ireland, on the Continent. One remarkable feature is, that all the writers disclose a general drift all over the world towards the American idea that all education should be offered by the State free of charge; and there seems to be a strong tendency in England to extend this principle to the higher education instead of limiting it to elementary schools. This is the more worthy of notice as being contrary to the conservative English theory.

—The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for June opens with an interesting account of the disputed territory to the north of Lake Nyassa, by the Rev. D. Kerr Cross, a Scotch missionary. A part of the region, apparently not yet reached by the slave-hunters, is of almost idyllic beauty. "Landing on the sandy beach, you enter a grove of banana trees and walk along a perfectly level plain, as in a palm section of a botanical garden. All weeds, grasses, garbage, and things unsightly are swept away by little boys who spend their morning sweeping, while, hidden away among the trees, are the circular houses of the natives. Each house is built of bamboo, with clay worked by the women into little rounded bricks. The roof is of thatch, which greatly overlaps in mushroom form, while the door is so large that a man can walk in upright. The door-posts are often painted with designs in red, yellow, and other colors, and altogether there is an air of comfort and plenty. . . . Nor is this character of cleanliness visible in their villages confined to the outside. All their cooking-pots and drinking-cups are kept scrupulously clean and sweet, and the insides of their houses free from dirt—a rare quality in the native African. The people themselves in every respect accord with the scene. They are all stalwart, muscular, and well-developed." One may travel for days "through valleys terraced with well-tilled gardens, thickly planted with banana groves and well-watered, but generally treeless." The ear is constantly filled with the tinkle of the cow-bell and the rude music of the herd-boys' reed flute. A few miles, comparatively, to the westward, across a mountain chain, the country wears a bleak and desolate aspect. The few villages are stockaded and surrounded by a ditch, and "are simply abominable from filth of every kind." To this "unnatural existence" the natives are driven by the raiders. Yet some of these harried tribes are industrious and skilful. In one region "iron abounds, and is smelted and extensively wrought into spears, hoes, axes, etc. Wild cotton grows plentifully and is woven into pretty patterns of cloth. Every village boasts of two or three looms." The northern limit of the journey of Mr. Cross was Lake Rukwa, which had been seen by but one explorer previously. He believes it to be about eighty or ninety miles in length, and to have no outlet.

—Following this paper is the first part of a very valuable list of the "best maps at present available for every part of the world," compiled by Mr. John G. Bartholomew. Only those for Central Europe are here given, the character of each map being designated as belonging to one of three classes, viz., those from "detailed topographical surveys," "detailed maps," and "general maps." There is also given the scale, number of sheets, date, and price. Accompanying the list is a folded map of the world, so colored as to show at a glance to what extent the earth has been mapped. From this it appears that "of the whole land-surface only one-seventh has been exactly surveyed." The portion thus trigonometrically surveyed includes nearly the whole of Europe (Turkey, Spain, parts of Russia and Scandinavia being excepted), India, a small strip on the Atlantic in this country, and a large block in the West, northern Algeria, Egypt, and Palestine, and the island of Java. In South America, besides a narrow strip of the coast, the Argentine Republic alone has "topographical maps, the result of general, but not detailed survey." In this category, it may be added, is to be found the greater part of the United States.

TWO WORKS ON RUSSIA.

The Story of Russia. [The Story of the Nations.] By W. R. Morfill, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

Russia: Its People and Its Literature. By Emilia Pardo Bazán. Translated from the Spanish by Fanny Hale Gardiner. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1890.

Mr. Morfill's book is one of the most valuable of the series to which it belongs. His success is in some respects remarkable. Here are a thousand years and one-sixth of the habitable earth brought within the limits of a story-book; and yet the result is not a dry outline of names and dates, but a living picture. The following paragraph from page 23 is an apt description of the author's method: "It is these very interesting stories which constitute the difference between the work attributed to Nestor and our own Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. The latter is rigidly historical, and lacks the fresh, charming sagas which are found in the old Slavonic books." Not only the sagas (*byliny*), but whatever of historical fact his intimate knowledge of the subject has offered him as fit to vivify the picture, Mr. Morfill has skilfully employed.

A distinguishing merit of the book is its impartiality, in fulfilment of the promise in the preface:

"While I have not intentionally concealed the darker shades of the picture, I have endeavored to avoid drawing my sketch from an English standpoint only. Still less have I felt inclined to indulge in any of the claptrap abuse with which some Western authors season their books on Russia. All nations have been aggressive in their way, and therefore it is idle to talk overmuch about Russian aggressions; all nations have some blood-stained pages in their annals, and therefore it is something like hypocrisy to be struck with especial horror at Russia's misdeeds."

In speaking (p. 318) of the writings of Koloshikhin, who, in 1664, left his country for his country's good (as so many in later times have done), Mr. Morfill says: "His work abounds with graphic details, but, perhaps like all renegades, he is too severe upon his native country."

So much for the spirit in which the book is written. We have no space for any analysis. In externals there is ground for criticism. It is quite evident that the final proofs were not read by the author; and it is due to our readers that we should note here some of the more important corrections needed. On p. 3, for "Cheskna" read Sheksna, for "Verkhoianskoi" Verkhoianski, and for "Yablonoi" Yáblonni (or Yáblonovi)—but this is another name for the Stanovói range just mentioned, not another range. On p. 4, for "Irtysk" read Irtysh, for "Obi" Ob (as on p. 87), and for "Tanakai" Tarakai; p. 5, for "Duchinski" Dukhinski; on the same page we have: "the western governments Minsk, Pinsk, and others," but Pinsk is a city and district of the government Minsk; p. 25, for "in 855" in 957; p. 44, "Mindog" Mindovg; p. 50, "Toktamish" Tokhtamish; p. 72, "Osep [Osip] Napea"—Karamzin says "Iosif Nepea"; p. 75, "Sovin" Savin; pp. 94 and and 122, "Wisniowiecki" Wiszniowiecki; p. 109, "Ismaelov" Izmaĭlov; p. 120, "Zapovozhski" Zaporozhski; p. 132, "*rozriadnie* [*rozriadnia*] *knigi*," p. 153, "Sozha" Sozh; p. 169, "Kotishikhin" Kotoshikhin; p. 190, "Bironovtschina" Bironovstchina; p. 224, "Maciejowice" Maciejowice; p. 313, "Skurlatovich" Skuratov (see p. 71)—Malĭuta-Skuratov's patronymic was Lukĭanovitch, not Skuratovitch; p. 314, "*aprakos*" *apraksos*; p. 320, "*Zertsalo Bogoslovii* [*Bogoslovia*]." On p. 312 the compound letter *zh* (French *j*) is divided by a hyphen.

The rapidity of his narration has sometimes destroyed the perspective of the author's picture, as on p. 105: "About the end of September, 1609, the Poles . . . invaded the country, defeated Shuiski at Klushino [this took place June 24 (O. S.), 1610] . . . and sent him as prisoner to Poland." And on p. 35 is this passage from Vladimir's 'Po-uchenie': "I have made eighty-three campaigns and many expeditions"; in which "campaigns" is too large a word (taken in its usual sense). According to Pogodin's notes on this 'Po-uchenie,' the number of campaigns proper was twenty-three. But here are Vladimir's words more literally: "Of my [military] excursions there were in all 83, and others of little importance I do not remember."

On page 176 Mr. Morfill says: "The brief reign of Catherine is distinguished only by two events which added any glory to Russia. The Academy of Sciences was founded in 1726 . . ." Most of the credit thus given to Catharine belongs to Peter, as is shown by the following extracts from the Academy's publications (the dates remaining in old style): "In June, 1718, Peter the Great resolved to found an academy." "1721, J. N. Delisle was invited by Peter to St. Petersburg [from Paris] to the future academy." "In the beginning of 1724 L. Blumentrost formed a plan, by order of Peter, for the Academy of Sciences." "January 12, 1724, Peter approved the plan. . . ." "November 6, 1724, an *ukaz* of Peter relating to the Academy. . . ." "January 28, 1725,

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Peter died." "February 23, 1725, an *ukaz* of Catharine I. to Prince Kurakin upon inviting academicians from abroad." "August 15, 1725, the first audience of Catharine, [and] December, 1725, speeches at the first public meeting of the Academy." In the table on p. 374 Mr. Morfill writes: "1724, the Academy of Arts founded." On p. 246 the Princess Dashkoff is said to have been "appointed President of the Academy of Arts"; but it was the "Imperial Russian Academy" over which she was placed, not the "Imperial Academy of Sciences." (The two were united in 1841.)

One more subject demands notice before Mr. Morfill's book is dismissed. At the end of his preface he says: "An attempt has been made throughout the work to spell the names accurately and on a fixed plan, and to put an end, as far as possible, to the chaos which still prevails among us in these matters." It was with pleasant anticipations that we read this; but we must confess to some disappointment—not so much in the plan adopted as in its application. In passing, let us say a few words of the plan. We very much miss the Polish *y* commonly used, as Mr. Morfill says in his Russian Grammar, to represent a certain vowel sound. For the English *y* we would in all cases use *i*, as do the Italians and French. Mr. Morfill thinks (see his Russian Grammar) that the *y* we advocate is confusing; but it cannot be more so than *i*, which he uses for two quite distinct sounds. (The best phonetists class the sound in question with the *u*-, not the *i*- sounds.) It should be said that in this book Mr. Morfill has used for this sound in three or four cases *î*, and a few times (inadvertently) *y* (*e. g.*, Irtysh, p. 4). Again, the compound letter *shtch* (*sh-tch*) is written *stch* by Mr. Morfill; whereas the two elements are written (when separate) *sh* and *ch*. It is true that a loose, imperfect articulation of *shtch* is common, which may be expressed by *s-tch*; but we should not reproduce it in transliterating.

The imperfect application of Mr. Morfill's plan is illustrated below by one example of each kind (the correct form, as we view it, standing first). In "Matveïev" and "Rileyev," the originals of the italic letters are identical in name and sound; so also in "*Ye*katerina" (Iekaterina) and "*Ev*dokia," "Koltovska*ia*" and "Russka*ya*" and "*Ja*rensk," "Pisemski" and "Vasil*ii*," "Apra*ksi*n" and "Alexandrovsk," "Irt*ysh*" and "Pel*im*" and "Volînski," "*Ged*ímin" and "Turg*u*eniev" and "*Ghi*lyaks," "Ra*zi*n" and "Bere*si*na." There may be spice in the variety of form given to the same name, as "Amur" and "Amour," "Bulba" and "Boulba," "Chavchavadze" and "Tchavtchavadze," "Gedímin" and "Guedímin," "Sakhalin" and "Saghalin."

One of the difficult questions of transliteration is this: Shall the name of a Russianized foreign family retain its original form? Shall we write *Hertsen* or *Herzen*? Mr. Morfill writes of Gen. "Diebitsch"—that was his father's name. But if the General's name had been written with its honorary suffix, would it have been Diebitsch-Sabalkanski, or, as seems necessary, Dibitch-Zabalkanski?

Not much space is left for the Spanish work, which really deserves extended notice. Its four books are devoted to "The Evolution of Russia," "Russian Nihilism and Its Literature," "Rise of the Russian Novel," and "Modern Russian Realism." The first is the least satisfactory. Doña Bazán disclaims all direct acquaintance with Russia and with its language, but professes to have "read everything written upon Russia in every language with which [she] is acquainted." (At the end of her first chapter she promises to give us at the end of the book a list of these works; but her translator has omitted it.) Doña Bazán's views are in the main just and enlightened; on ecclesiastical matters, however, she writes as a Spanish Catholic, and some of her dicta are simply astonishing. Passages of this kind that we had marked for quotation must be omitted, but room must be found for a few words of hers upon the emancipation of the serfs—an "event the greatest, perhaps, that the present century has known" (p. 94): "To my mind the best praise to the Russian nobility is for having offered less hindrance to the emancipation of the serfs than the North American democracy to the liberation of the slaves" (p. 103). Her comparison would have been more effective if she had added numbers and dates: twenty-three millions of serfs set free two years before the four millions of slaves. Concerning the Emancipator, as his countrymen style him, she asks: "Where is there a person of nobler desires and projects than Alexander II.?"

Whatever may be the shortcomings of Doña Bazán's treatment of Russian politics and history, they are more than atoned for when she has told us of Russian literature. In her own country she stands in the first rank of novelists, and here she brings into play all her critical and descriptive power. She was the pioneer of the new Spanish naturalism, and we know of nothing of its kind more eloquent than her chapters upon "Modern Russian Realism" and its comparison with modern French realism.

The translator will receive (at least tacitly) the thanks of every intelligent reader. However, it is a pity that she could not have found a shorter cut to Russian names and titles than through the Spanish and French. Some of the transformations are wonderful: *vodka* becomes "*wodka*"; Iaroslav becomes "Yaroslaus"; Shtchedrin is both "Chtchédrine" and "Tchedrine"; Iliá of Murom is "Ilias de Moron"; Araktchéïeff is "Arakschef"; 'Ruslan and Liudmila' becomes "Russia and Ludmilla"; 'The Story of the Expedition of Igor' becomes "The Song of the Host [in another place 'the Tribe'] of Igor"; and "Puchkine" could not be pronounced *Pushkin* in accordance with the phonetics of any language to the writer known. Why should Slav and all its derivatives be made "Sclav," etc.? On p. 75 the types have played a trick that may happen to any of us, where "effeminacy" is said to characterize "the employées of government."

THE UNIFIERS OF ITALY.

Italian Characters in the Epoch of Unification. By the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Scribner & Welford. 1890.

THERE are many interesting parallels between the recent condition of the United States and of Italy. Both countries within the past thirty years have come through a tremendous struggle, whereby in one case national union was preserved, and in the other case created. This patriotic conflict, whether in Italy or in the United States, demanded the fortitude and heroism not of a few conspicuous men only, but of multitudes; it required that the character of the whole people should be stirred and sublimed, to enable them to endure the long tests of courage and self-sacrifice. In both cases the people responded to the call of conscience, made the endeavor, fought the good fight, and conquered. So long as the object to be attained—national existence and liberty—was concrete, Italians and Americans were equally zealous, equally patriotic and admirable; but when war had been crowned with success, and peace came with the stern, unromantic duties of reuniting different sections, of regulating finance, of making wise laws, and of fostering prosperity, both nations fell below the high level to which enthusiasm for a great cause had lifted them. Both countries suffered an irreparable loss in the untimely death of the one man upon whom each could have relied to make peace not less glorious than war; our loss in Lincoln's assassination, Italy's in Cavour's almost tragic death, can never be overestimated.

With us, the conduct of the Government for more than twenty years fell into the hands of the party associated with the suppression of the Rebellion; the opposition was charged, however unjustly, with lack of patriotism; everywhere, both in the national and State Legislatures, soldiers were law-makers. And along with the financial disturbances which the war caused, there came inflation, speculation, and all sorts of wild and corrupt schemes—greenbackism, silverism, Crédit-Mobilierism. High taxes, levied of necessity in the thick of the contest, were retained, were even increased afterwards, for the enriching of a few at the expense of the many; until at the present time we seem to have reached a point where the Congressmen of the dominant party sit at the Capitol merely to pass laws for the benefit of special interests, and to keep themselves in power. We have come to the pass when patriotism is a by-word and reproach—a mere pretence for getting a pension. The degradation of the public conscience was never lower, if we gauge it by the character of men tolerated in high positions, and by the brutal frankness with which those men announce their partisan and nefarious purposes.

Italy has suffered likewise in her post-bellum period; it seems to be the law of the ebb-and-flow of national life that, after the high tide when great deeds are launched, the waters must recede, leaving bare slime, and ooze, and stagnant pools. In Italy, too, a "patriotic party" monopolized the Government offices, but with more reason, because the Opposition was composed only either of irreconcilable clericals and Bourbons, or of imprudent agitators. Indeed, groups rather than a party governed, and government by groups has never yet been satisfactory. Again, the Italians had had no experience in governing; from the condition of political serfs under a papal or an Austrian despot, they rose suddenly to be citizens of a constitutional State. So the legislators had themselves to teach, at the very time when they were called upon to settle the most difficult problems—how to restore an equilibrium in finance; how to spread education; how to fuse the various sections into a single, homogeneous nation; and, most difficult of all, how to deal with the papacy, an enemy more uscrupulous and subtle than any temporal enemy. It must be admitted that Italy has, on the whole, met her difficulties bravely, triumphing against great odds. She, too, has had to struggle against the incompetence or the bad judgment of military men in the Chamber and the Cabinet; above all, she has had to play the rôle of a first-class Power while having the resources of only a second-class Power. But she has not, so far as we are aware, been forced to blush, as honest Americans have been, at the general corruption of her public men. It is significant that a constitutional monarch like King Humbert, or his illustrious father, does not dare, like the American President, to offer the highest positions in his Cabinet to men of damaged reputations. Italy's standing army costs her less than our army of pensioners. Her taxes are high, but no Italian Secretary of Finance could hold office for a day should he propose to augment

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them beyond the actual needs, or to take the burden off of such luxuries as tobacco and spirits, and add to that on the necessaries of life.

These parallels might be indefinitely multiplied, and they are most instructive, because they furnish material for that comparative study of history from which we draw our most accurate knowledge concerning the character and temperament of different races. Our own recent history and that of Italy prove that it is much easier for a nation to face and overcome the danger of war than to deal wisely with the abstract questions of finance and legislation—questions which the greed of interested parties on the one hand, and the ignorance of the public on the other, cloak and pervert. Another striking point of resemblance between these two countries is found in the immense mass of material—histories, documents, biographies, and reminiscences concerning the men and events of the national struggle—which have been showered from the press during the past four or five years. The great actors in our civil war and in the unification of Italy are almost all gone, and we collect and preserve whatever relates to them, as if conscious of the pettiness of the men who now stand in their places.

Of books concerning the men who made Italy free and united, that by Countess Martinengo Cesaresco is one of the most interesting we have seen. We take it that the author is an Englishwoman, married to an Italian nobleman who was a conspicuous worker in the Italian movement. She leaves to more formal biographers to tell the story of the leaders—Cavour, Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, and Mazzini—although in the course of her sketches she gives us glimpses of these, too, and treats of the men who coöperated with these, and often were only less renowned because they worked in a smaller sphere. Her choice is judicious, and as it includes men of every province, she illustrates the different phases of the struggle and of the Italian character. As we read about Manin, we learn the conditions at Venice; the account of Ricasoli naturally introduces us to Tuscany, and that of the Poerios and Settembrini to Naples. There is hardly one of these sketches which has not the interest and charm of a romance; and there is added something better than romance—the sense that these strange vicissitudes and sufferings and this heroism were real; that only a little while ago, in a country roughly deemed civilized, brave men had to endure tortures, both of mind and body, and to overcome difficulties belonging to a barbaric age.

The station in life and the temperament of the men here portrayed differed widely; but we are struck by the fact that many of them sprang from the aristocracy, and that nearly all of them were men of superior intelligence. As Garibaldi was never tired of lamenting, the Italian plebs furnished few leaders to the patriotic cause. The desire for independence and the conviction that it was their unescapable duty to liberate their country, came first to the patrician and educated class. It is remarkable also how many of these were truly religious men, who devoutly believed the cardinal teachings of the Catholic Church, but were just as earnest in casting aside the superstitions and arrogant pretensions which the Papacy, for its mundane purposes, had long foisted upon it. Ricasoli, the Tuscan dictator, had the stern integrity and piety of a Covenanter; Ugo Bassi, the priest-patriot, had the enthusiasm, the unworldly idealism of a mystic; Manin, the glorious but unfortunate defender of Venice, was of that almost sombre religious cast which, in an earlier age, inspired St. Bernard. Settembrini, doomed by King Bomba to perpetual confinement in a loathsome prison, writes in his journal on the third anniversary of his captivity: "Oh, my God, Father of the unfortunate, consoler of those who suffer, oh save my soul from this filth, and if Thou hast written that I must here end my sorrowful life, oh! let that end come soon! Thou knowest grief does not frighten nor subdue me: I bear my cross; even on my knees I drag it after me; but I fear to become vile, I fear my soul growing perverted; even now I recognize it no more. How can I come before Thee thus?" From such spiritual deeps welled up that patriotism which, in the middle decades of this century, converted Italians into heroes and martyrs.

Scattered through Countess Cesaresco's book are many descriptions of the life and customs of the people, many incidents which usually pass unrecorded, and all help a foreigner to the better understanding of the condition amid which Italy was regenerated. Her style is easy, almost talkative, like that of one who recounts events which he has witnessed, or which he has heard about from those who took part in them; and while this method tends to diffuseness, it contributes to the variety and vivacity of the narrative. Sometimes, indeed, she is both concise and happy in her phrase, as when she says of Alessandro Poerio: "He was considered eccentric by the world, because, for one thing, his principles had none of the graceful curves of popular morality"; or of Ugo Bassi: "If he was not a child, he was a man of an age when the world was less old"; or when she describes Pius IX. as "the Jeremiah not of the downfall but of the resurrection of his country." In her sketches of Constance d'Azeglio, of Signora Poerio and Signora Cairoli we meet with types of the Italian women whose patriotism was no whit inferior to that of their husbands and sons who fought on the battle-field or languished in prisons. We regret that in so valuable a work as this no references are given to the authorities from which the information has been drawn; such an omission is inexcusable at this time, when our conscience in regard to historical writing can be satisfied only by the citation of the *pièces justificatives*. As is common in English books, the foreign names are sometimes misspelled, as Hapsburgh for Hapsburg, Gottingen for Göttingen, Piazzi for Piazza, and Hamburgh for Hamburg. On p. 92 Louis IX. should be Louis XII. In conclusion, we can recommend this book to Americans as the best accessible to those who do not read Italian. Not only will they find it interesting because of the charm of the careers depicted, but also because it furnishes means for comparing the character of the leaders of the Italian movement with our own leaders prior to and during the civil war.

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.

William Charles Macready. By William Archer. [Eminent Actors Series.] Longmans, Green & Co.

Mademoiselle Clairon, d'après ses correspondances et les rapports de police du temps. Par Edmond de Goncourt. [Les Actrices du XVIIIe Siècle.] Paris: Charpentier; New York: F. W. Christern.

Dramatic Opinions. By Mrs. Kendal. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Au bord de la Scène. Par Frédéric Febvre. Paris; Ollendorff; New York: Christern.

It is not often that a conscientious critic of literature has occasion to compare two pieces of literary work, one done in France and the other in England, to the advantage of the book of British authorship; but we doubt if any one capable of judging cautiously would hesitate to declare that, of the two theatrical biographies mentioned above, Mr. Archer's is very much better than M. de Goncourt's. Both books have been written out of the fulness of knowledge, and both writers are absolute masters of the subject, having spared no pains to get at the exact facts. Both writers impress the reader as knowing all that there is to be known about the careers of their heroes from the cradle to the grave. But Mr. Archer's biography is dignified and scholarly, and M. de Goncourt's is affected and perverse. A comparison of the simple and direct construction of the Life of Macready with the nerveless and fragmentary manner of the Life of Clairon is not at all to the credit of the French author.

Mr. Archer's 'Macready' is one of the best theatrical biographies in existence. It is worthy to be set beside Prof. Lounsbury's memoir of James Fenimore Cooper—the model of the brief biography at its best. The material is ample: there is the interesting autobiographic fragment edited by the late Sir Frederick Pollock, with its accompanying diary; Lady Pollock's more personal 'Macready As I Knew Him'; the acute paper of George Henry Lewes; and really no end of criticisms and recollections scattered here and there in books and magazines and newspapers. All these Mr. Archer has mastered, and he has availed himself of them in due measure; no biographer has ever been more conscientious in his preliminary preparation. In the writing of the book, however, there is no parade of this investigation, and no vexatious bickering with preceding critics. Mr. Archer gives us the full story of Macready's life, setting forth the growth of his powers as an actor, describing his honorable ventures as a manager, and verifying every detail and every date. Not only is there the full list of parts played, which is an indispensable adjunct of every histrionic biography—for it is only by knowing what characters an actor assumed that we can judge his powers—but this list is divided chronologically, one instalment being given at the end of each chapter, so that we may trace the steady increase of the actor's reputation. More than this, Mr. Archer has searched the advertisements in the daily papers, and he has compared the play-bills preserved in the British Museum, and is thus enabled to add to these lists of parts the exact number of times each part was acted by Macready. So far as we know, this is a labor as yet unattempted for any other tragedian or comedian. It is characteristic of Mr. Archer's unhesitating thoroughness.

For the rest, the book is entertaining; the character of Macready is sympathetically depicted; we meet with an abundance of enlivening and pertinent anecdote, together with frequent quotation of contemporary criticism; nor is there any attempt to conceal Macready's obvious defects as a man or his deficiencies as an actor. The account of the Astor Place riot is impartial and final, and is, moreover, the first founded on a complete investigation of all the facts. From Mr. Archer's pages it is evident that the late John Forster was as dangerous a friend to Macready as he was to Dickens.

The chief authority for Clairon's life has hitherto been her long autobiography, which M. de Goncourt shows to be as incomplete and insincere as autobiographies are wont to be. He has supplemented and corrected her own

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story by the information derived from those of her letters which have been preserved and from the police reports of her time. The police spies took a very different view of "Frétillon" from that which Clairon gave of herself; and M. de Goncourt, with his passion for documents, believes rather the spies than the lady herself. His biography is much what might be expected from the author of 'La Faustin': it is hard, emphatically unsympathetic in its tone, brutal in its frankness and lacking in imaginative insight, while not free from purely fanciful suppositions.

Nowhere does it contain a portrait of Clairon. There are plenty of little niggling touches, but there is no full-length picture, such as the reader has a right to demand from a biographer. Not only is there no summing up, but the little touches leave vague and almost contradictory impressions. M. de Goncourt's style is more offensive than ever and less effective, and his manner is even more offensive than his style. His tone towards Clairon is condescending where it is not contemptuous. His attitude indicates apparent delight whenever he succeeds in proving that his heroine was no better than she should be and much worse than she said she was. A good biography must needs be a labor of love; M. de Goncourt's is a labor of hate, and therefore it is not good.

Mrs. Kendal's little book of 'Dramatic Opinions' seems to have been dictated to a stenographer, like the late Lester Wallack's 'Memories,' and, like that empty volume, it is scrappy and conceited. A reported interview revised by the interviewee may have its place in a periodical, but it is quite unworthy of the dignity of a book by itself. "Autobiography is what biography ought to be," said Longfellow, and Mrs. Kendal's autobiography would be interesting if it were faithfully and carefully prepared; but the stray bits of her biography here set down are but little more than mere gossip. Mrs. Kendal is an estimable woman and an accomplished artist, but she takes herself a little too seriously. She errs in saying (page 44) that Mme. Favart appeared in "Les Danicheff," in the part really played by Mme. Pasca. So she refers (page 45) to the long monologue in "Don César de Bazan," where she obviously intends the long monologue of *Don César de Bazan* (in the fourth act of "Ruy Blas"). The little book is pleasant and easy reading, and not without charm.

The volume of theatrical sketches with the punning title of 'Au Bord de la Scène' is introduced by a prefatory letter by M. Jules Claretie, now the manager of the Comédie-Française, of which noble company of comedians the author, M. Frédéric Febvre, has been a prominent member for now nearly a quarter of a century. These sketches have more substance than Mrs. Kendal's and more variety. Two or three are short stories; as many are papers of reminiscence; as many more, essays on special topics. Perhaps the best is "Chez Thalie: étude à propos de la mise en scène"—a sketch of baffled art and thwarted ambition; and the most valuable is an essay on "Le Costume au Théâtre." Of M. Febvre's volume we can say, as we said of Mrs. Kendal's, that it is pleasant reading, and we can say it more heartily.

MISS WILLARD.

Glimpses of Fifty Years; the Autobiography of an American Woman. By Frances E. Willard. Woman's Temperance Publication Association. Pp. 704.

So many people have been moved by Miss Willard's oratory, and so many people have admired and loved her on account of her whole-souled devotion to various unpopular reforms, that a Life written by her own hand, even though it is exceedingly voluminous, will doubtless be widely and quickly read. This autobiography is very far from being put together with any skill or with any feeling for literary effect. There are repetitions without number, the narrative wanders backward and forward with very little regard for order, and the style is "undress" to the last degree. The book was written and revised and the proofs corrected in three months, and the original twelve hundred pages had to be cut down to seven hundred. The consequence is that it can only be read for the intrinsic interest of the story, and not for any æsthetic pleasures to be got by the way.

But the intrinsic interest of the story is very great. There are so few women who are not content with a very monotonous existence, and a very narrow field of activity, that when a marked exception presents itself, one is very curious to know how it has come about. Miss Willard spent most of her childhood on a farm in Wisconsin, and she had the rare good fortune to have a mother who knew how to respect her children's idiosyncrasies, and who did not think that every human being should be cast in a common mould. There was another daughter, a very lovely girl—the subject of 'Nineteen Beautiful Years'—whose tastes were more after the ordinary feminine pattern, but Frances led throughout her youth the life of an active boy. Instead of being forced into housework and sewing, which she hated, she took part in all her brother's sports, and thus she laid the foundation for that inexhaustible store of energy that has stood her in good stead in later life. When at last her mother judged it necessary to make her do up her hair and put on a long dress, she felt such aversion to these restraints that she formed a plan for running away. Her discontent was aggravated by the fact that at the same time her brother, who had reached the age of twenty-one, dressed up in his best Sunday clothes one day and drove away, in the big wagon, with their father and the hired men, to vote for John C. Frémont:

"My sister and I stood at the window and looked out after them. . . . I said: 'Wouldn't you like to vote as well as Oliver? Don't you and I love the country just as well as he, and doesn't the country need our ballots?'"

The sister admitted this, but begged her not to speak in that way, for fear of being called strong minded. The plan of running away was not carried out, and it was soon afterwards confessed to the mother, who said: "You must go to school, my child. Your mind is active; you are fond of books and thoughts as well as of outdoors; we must provide them for you, to make up for your girlish good times." And so, without any scolding, this wise mother turned her daughter's superabundant energies into fresh channels. At the same time Frances found herself ready, to a certain extent, to assert her own independence. On the evening of the day when she was eighteen years old she took her seat at the table and began to read Scott's 'Ivanhoe':

"Father was opposed to story-books, and on coming in, he scanned this book while his brow grew cloudy. 'I thought I told you not to read novels, Frances,' he said. 'So you did, father, . . . but you forget what day it is.' 'What day, indeed! I should like to know if the day has anything to do with the deed!' 'Indeed it has—I am eighteen—I am of age—I am now to do what I think right; and to read this fine historical story is, in my opinion, a right thing for me to do.' My father could hardly believe his ears. At first he was inclined to take the book away, but that would do harm, he thought, instead of good, so he concluded to see this action from the funny side, and laughed heartily over the situation, Oliver doing the same, and both saying in one breath, 'A chip of the old block!'"

We have not space to follow Miss Willard through her later changes of circumstance. She spent several years in travel in Europe and in Egypt, and the utter emptiness and absolute slavery of the Italian women's lives did more than anything else to induce her to devote herself to the perfect freedom of women as one of the most urgent reforms of the day.

"'You say, signorina, that the women are so crazy as to set up for doctors in your country? It is a folly and a crime. I wonder that the priests don't interfere. Whatever will become of the buttons and the general housework?' Thus spoke an elderly Italian dame, the thinning ranks of whose own buttons I was even then contemplating with a somewhat startled glance."

She met one woman only who had been doing a little thinking for herself. This one said:

"Women are nothing in Italy, you know. Think of it! My brother is eighteen and I am twenty-nine; but on my father's death this boy became my guardian, and I take from his hand whatever he chooses to give me for my support. For him there is independence, for him there is brave work to do; for me there is—to twirl my thumbs and wait to see if the next life can possibly atone for this."

Miss Willard's devotion to her convictions, at any cost even of immediate influence, appears on more than one occasion. She gave up a professorship of twenty-four hundred dollars a year in the Northwestern University on account of a difference of opinion as to the best method of government for the women students, at a time when such professorships for women were almost unique, if they are not so now. Later, as President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, she carried her constituency over to the Prohibition party—a very shocking thing to do in the mind of many simple-minded Westerners, in whose eyes the Republican party is still the party of religion and of high ideals, is still the party from which self-sacrificing reforms may be looked for, and the party to injure which is still regarded as a sacrilege and a crime.

Miss Willard has delighted countless audiences in all the large Southern as well as the Northern cities, but there are still to be found people who look without sympathy upon her mode of life. When the Presbyterian General Assembly met at Madison, Wisconsin, some time ago, Dr. John Hall, among others of its members, accepted an invitation of the Temperance Union to attend a meeting, at which Miss Willard spoke. At the close of the meeting he asked to have an interview with her the next day. The interview took place, and lasted for more than an hour, and Dr. Hall said in substance:

"That he had been convinced I had a mission as a public speaker; that he wished to tell me this, and to beg me to confine my speeches wholly to the members of my own sex. He said the Bible plainly taught this, and he believed it to be his duty kindly to urge this truth upon my attention."

Miss Willard does not say that the incident reminded her of the Italian woman's desire that the priests in this country should arouse themselves to their duty towards too ardent women, but the reader cannot help calling it to mind.

There is an admirable portrait—the portrait of a very refined face, full of sweetness and strength.

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History of the Seventh Regiment of New York, 1806–1889. By Col. Emmons Clark. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1890. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 498, 543. With many illustrations.

BOSTON, Newport, Philadelphia, and Savannah have military organizations of greater age, but New York excels all through the size, vigor, and celebrity of its Seventh Regiment. The First City Troop (Philadelphia), with its Revolutionary record, alone leads it in campaigns, but it in turn is surpassed by the greater numerical weight and the consequent effective force of this famous infantry.

The history of the Seventh runs side by side with that of New York for the last eighty years, and it has excursions and episodes that are at one with important passages in the nation's course. Military men generally consider the enrolled militia to be chiefly valuable as so much very raw material; but those same judges, while looking upon some of the uniformed National Guard as an uncertain quantity, give to certain States and to particular regiments a very high place. It is the function of these citizen soldiers to foster military feeling, generally under adverse surroundings, and to hold at the command of the State an armed body for the enforcement of the laws and the suppression of tumults that the civil officers fail to quell. They are also nurseries for officers who may organize active forces. Derision of State troops is usually confined to those who are their daily associates as civilians, and who either fail to appreciate the public spirit that leads them to expend time, the equivalent of money, and money itself, or to those who see their necessary weakness in the field, and forget the sacrifices by which they cultivate the military art and transform it from theory into practice. We certainly speak within bounds in saying that the regular officers are those who look most leniently upon the foibles of the uniformed militia, and most sincerely admire the men who give time, and study, and money to their self-assumed duties. Doubtless formerly much that the militia did was farcical, but of late years the brigades of instructed men that can be concentrated without delay at any reasonable point are the best evidence of this latent power. One of the lessons of Gen. Grant's funeral was that the seaboard States at least had thousands of trained armed men ready to suppress anarchy or municipal violence. The dangerous classes saw in those columns that their millennium of riot was still far enough away. The concentration of the State militia in this city at the Washington centennial was a similar object-lesson taught yet more plainly.

By general admission the Seventh New York has always led, and, however closely zealous rivals may follow, it still furnishes the highest type of rank and file and the best illustration of instruction and discipline. The city has good reason to honor the regiment that contains so many of her best sons, who have loyally responded to every call of duty. Col. Clark, himself one of the most conspicuous examples of the evolution of the citizen soldier, who wore the Seventh's gray for thirty years, has crowned his military career by this comprehensive history of the regiment, and has laid New York under new obligations by the fulness with which he has told its story. But no printed page can show the care or the labor that he and his comrades have expended that the organization may stand where it does to-day.

The first four companies were organized in 1806 as artillery, and in fact, for more than forty years, the regiment was technically of that arm, although always carrying muskets. At the beginning the battalion was part of the Third Artillery, in 1812 it was known as the Eleventh, in 1824, increased to six companies with the distinctive title of National Guards, it became first a part of the Second and afterwards an independent battalion, and in 1826, having grown to eight companies, it was recognized as the Twenty-seventh Artillery. It remained the Twenty-seventh Artillery, with its special title of "National Guard," until 1847, when it was transformed into the Seventh New York State Militia as infantry, and in 1862 lost its descriptive name of National Guard, which then was extended to the militia throughout the State. In 1838 it acquired a troop of cavalry that became the Ninth Company ("I"), and in 1849 an engineer corps was organized that became the Tenth Company ("K"), both in 1860, and soon afterwards these were armed and drilled as the others.

We could not give space for these details were not the Seventh more than a mere city regiment. It is of New York, but it belongs to the country. Originating in patriotic resistance to England's alleged right of search, in 1807, the four companies promptly volunteered under President Jefferson's call for 100,000 men. In 1812 the regiment again volunteered, and for three months was on active duty in the harbor forts. Naturally the Mexican War made no draft upon it, but in 1861 the action of the Seventh was an important physical as well as moral element in the set of the Union tide. Those days are now so long past that men not yet forty-five must appeal to such records thoroughly to understand what then was done; and the patriotic story cannot too often be told. Its response to Sumter led New York, and it went to the front again in 1862 and 1863.

The Seventh's usefulness as a regiment in the field is, however, far surpassed by the service it renders as a perpetual school of devotion to the public interest, in the cultivation of military knowledge, and on occasion in the fearless discharge of disagreeable and dangerous duties in preserving the peace. Its riot service runs back to 1834, and has always been efficient, and in its larger sphere McDowell was quite justified by the event when, on its muster-in in 1861, he characterized it as a regiment of officers. The Seventh contributed more than 600 commissioned officers, whose names are here given, to the army and navy during the Rebellion.

Admirable in drill and *esprit*, with an influential and wealthy constituency behind it, this regiment may fairly be taken as a model to be followed. But, critically examined, it is after all astonishing how far even so excellent a body as this differs from a regiment whose whole, not exceptional, duty is war. In omitting the rules therefor, Col. Clark presupposes a greater knowledge than the ordinary reader possesses as to how enlistments and discharges are effected and discipline is preserved in the National Guard. Recruits seem to be elected into companies, which thus partake of the nature of clubs, and we sometimes find such associations melting away as if at their own will. In the Seventh there appears to have been no physical examination of new members prior to 1886, and it was not until 1866 that the introduction of muster-rolls terminated the practice of exempt members swelling the inspection parades. What has been applied in sarcasm elsewhere seems true here—"It is to be managed, not commanded." Moral suasion is an important element in its administration, but it is only fair to add that this regiment has never lacked that higher discipline that has always made it prompt to meet and steady to oppose danger.

The author has added, under the name of maxims, a number of principles as to the place of the National Guard and for its development, to only one of which are we inclined to take exception. That is, that for war with a foreign nation, which is "almost impossible, there would be time for preparation." That is a delusion. There may be foreign war any year, and there will be no time for preparation. Those legislators and others who look to the National Guard for prolonged active service should take to heart that other opinion of this expert authority when, with more reason, he limits the Guard's efficiency to "the defence of law and order and the protection of life and property" from local violence. In precision in the manual of arms, in steadiness on parade marches and ceremonies, in *esprit*, and in the intelligence and social standing of its rank and file, the Seventh doubtless is unsurpassed by any regiment on the continent. But the immaturity of many of its men, its dependence upon caterers, its necessary unfamiliarity with the ways and means of bivouac, and its comparative helplessness if deprived of the resources of its regimental treasury, would be fatal to arduous field work. Its proper function, as Colonel Clark evidently appreciates, is the suppression of city mobs, and the moral effect of its existence for just such a purpose is yearly worth more to the city than all the public funds that have been allowed it. Its ranks are now overflowing, and we can only hope that the general Government will soon see its way clear to adapt its own organization and drill to three battalion regiments, and abandon the obsolete ten-company formation, that the militia may follow.

These volumes are so full as to be of interest to every one who has associations with the regiment, and the account is a particularly acceptable contribution to the history of the city. The general style is modest and clear, although if Col. Clark had not so often protested that one officer after another was "a thorough gentleman," the doubt necessarily implied would not so often arise. An introductory chapter upon the militia from the earliest Dutch times increases the value of the work. Another hand has added a well-written sketch of its author, who deserves much honor at the hands of the State. The appendix contains copious registers and rolls of the deserving, and the work is well indexed. No printer's name appears, but the book has issued from a press of the first order. The only typographical error we have observed is Bromford for Bomford (i., p. 71).

La Poésie Castillane Contemporaine (Espagne et Amérique). Par Boris de Tannenberg. Paris: Libraire Académique Didier.

THE author of this book, as we learn from *España Moderna*, is a Russian who has made his home in France for many years, and who has of late been giving much time to the study of contemporary Spanish literature. His intellectual competence for the task is vouched for by the highest critical authority of Spain, and, indeed, is amply evidenced in this volume which gives the first-fruits of his studies. With M. Leo Quesnel (said to be a woman), whose articles in the *Nouvelle Revue* have conveyed much of the modern literary movement in Spain, the writer proposes to unite himself in the work of making known a literature which "is almost completely unheard of in France." He gives a pretty wide extension to

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his adjective "contemporary," starting off with Quintana, who died thirty years ago, and including both Espronceda and the Duke de Rivas; but this is doubtless in the aim to give a certain poetical completeness to his study, since the names mentioned stand for eminence in branches of poetry in which no later rivals of their glory have arisen. Becquer also is included, though his death in 1870 was such a cutting off in the early flush of promise that he seems rightfully to belong to the present generation. Of the living, M. de Tannenberg names Zorrilla, Campoamor, Nuñez de Arce, Palacio, Valera, Pelayo, and (in a short appendix) Tassara, Aguilera, Selgas, and Campillo.

Over against these poets of Spain are placed the names of six Spanish-American cultivators of the muse—Olmedo, Andres Bello (undoubtedly the most distinguished writer yet produced in South America), Gutiérrez González, Batres, Heredia, and Andrade, representing respectively the countries of Ecuador, Chili, Colombia, Guatemala, Cuba, and the Argentine Republic. All of these writers are dead, some of them years ago, so that at least something like a definitive judgment may now be passed upon their works. Here again the author's choice has been guided by his sense of proportion, and the names are distributed in a poetical classification. Most just seem to us his observations on the rather surprising deficiencies of the Spanish-American poets in their nature-poetry:

"If the contemporary poets of America have been able to find an original note, it would seem that it ought to be in their descriptive poetry. Yet I must say that in general their descriptions are tiresome and monotonous; they do not seem to draw a single idea directly from the nature which is before their eyes; they are brilliant, if you will, with their sonorous epithets and lyric outbursts, but they sin in vagueness and generalities. Will it be believed that what they lack above all is local color? The picturesque finds little variety in them; certain names of exotic trees, always the same, several kinds of birds, and, finally, as a supreme poetic resort, the cordillera of the Andes, and the condor. Oh, the condor and the cordillera, how much they have been abused!"

All the more suggestive, in the light of this general remark, is M. de Tannenberg's praise of the pastoral poetry of González, whose poem on "The Culture of Corn in the Province of Antioquía" ought, he says, "without the slightest hesitation, to be set down as one of the masterpieces of Spanish poetry in this century." Very gratifying, at all events, is the advice which we find González's editor, Rafael Pombo, giving to "our gifted young men":

"Behold, I would say to them, what should serve you as a model for the production of original works. Flee, as from the worst enemy of your poetical fame, from the Byronic poetry which, in America, with our faith and our simple manners, our empires of uncultivated lands, our democratic societies, will always sound false. Have eyes to see what we see here, as our lamented González saw it; pray God to teach you how, like him, to transmute into the music of the soul the daily prose that surrounds us—and it seems to me that you will be on the best road to secure lasting renown, in Colombia or anywhere."

Without entering into any detailed account of the author's estimates of contemporary Spanish poets, we may say that he seems to us to have noted their chief characteristics with great accuracy and intelligence; certainly he is in accord with the best contemporary criticism in Spain itself. He has displayed rare good sense in steering his course among what he justly describes as "the throng of minor poets who crowd the Spanish Parnassus." It has been truly said that it is fatally easy to write Spanish verse, and that a fatally large number of people in Spain have leisure to devote to that pursuit. Those who take M. de Tannenberg for a guide may be sure, however, that they will be introduced only to poets of the first rank—unless fair warning to the contrary is distinctly given.

Annals of Scottish Printing, from the introduction of the art in 1507 to the beginning of the seventeenth century. By Robert Dickson, L.R.C.S.E., and John Philip Edmond. Macmillan & Co. 1890. 4to, pp. xv, 530.

With much curious information concerning early printing in Scotland, this beautiful book furnishes, in its documents, pertinent illustrations of one of the good things that printing has done in its reformation of spelling. How much this reform was needed may be gathered from the words of the patent of King James IV., dated 1507, in which he licenses the first printers of that country, Walter Chepman and Andro Myllar, "burgessis of our burgh of Edinburgh":

"James &c. to al and sindrij our officiaris liegis and subdittis quham it efferis, quhais knawlage thir our lettres salcum greting . . . to furnis and bring hame ane prent with al stuff belangand thereto and expert men to use the samyne, for imprenting . . . of the bukis of our Lawis, actis of parliament, croniclis, mess bukis, and portuus . . . with legendis of Scottis sanctis."

The prime mover in the matter seems to have been Elphinstone, Bishop of Aberdeen, who was seeking to give to Scottish people a breviary of his own, and to exclude the liturgical books of England. In pursuance of this plan, the print-letters and the expert men to use the same came not from England, but from France. Some time was spent in experimental work. The first productions of the printers were eleven petty pamphlets, containing from three to twenty-three leaves, of romance stories like "Golagros and Gawane," the "Gest of Robyn Hode"—all in French types, but unmistakably Scotch in their typographic uncouthness.

The 'Breviarum Aberdonense,' for which the art was introduced, did not appear until 1509, or 1510 by modern reckoning. It was a creditable bit of work—two thick cap-octavo volumes of 1,554 pages, in small black letter, with engraved initials and profusely rubricated. The printing was unequal—some pages beautifully sharp and clear, others most disagreeably blurred. Before the book was published, the King prohibited the entry or sale, under penalty of confiscation, of all liturgical books "of Salusberry." This seems to have been the first attempt in Great Britain to enforce a law of copyright, or rather a literary monopoly. The Breviary was not a successful venture, either as a book of sale or as a book of devotion. Chepman abandoned printing soon after its publication, and Myllar's subsequent work was insignificant. Scotch book-buyers did not want, and would not buy, any liturgical works of the Roman Catholic Church, whether stamped of Salisbury or of Aberdeen.

The record of books and printers before 1560 is scant. Thomas Davidson published about 1542 one notable book, 'The Hystory and Croniklis of Scotland,' which was in all points a good piece of typography. John Scot printed in 1552 the catechism of Archbishop Hamilton, and at later dates other books in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, and occasionally one for the Protestants; but the number of religious books printed before 1560 is surprisingly small, considering the ferment of the people on questions of religion. The Catholic party controlled the Government, and printers feared its power. The Scotch Parliament of 1551-'2 had "devisit, statue and ordanit . . . that na Prentar presume attempt or tak upone hand to prent ony bukis, ballatis, sangis, blasphemationnis, rymes or Tragedeis, outhir in latin or Inglis toung in ony tymes to cum, unto the tyme the samin be sene vewit and examinet be sum wyse and discreit personis depute thairto." This censorship did not last long. The floodtide of the Reformation was coming in with resistless force. In 1561 Scot printed 'The Confessionn of faith Profesit And Belevit Be the Protestantes vvithin the Realme of Scotland. Published be thaim in Parliament. And be the Estaits thereof.' After this ratification of Protestantism there was no lack of Protestant pamphlets. Indeed, the printers made little else.

The quality of early Scotch printing is distinctly inferior to that of contemporaneous work on the Continent. The facsimiles shown, which seem to be very careful copies of the originals, can be deciphered with difficulty. Worse printing was never done by Arnold ter Hoorne of Cologne, who has had for years, almost undisputed, this unenviable distinction. Scotch authors and booksellers who could do so had their books printed in France (for the prejudice against England was still strong), much to the disgust of the Scotch printers. John Scot makes this complaint against a rival edition of Sir David Lyndsay's 'Monarchy,' which had been printed in France:

"Gentyll redaris, I wyll aduertets yow that thare is of thir Bukis, Imprentit in France. The quhilkis ar verray fals. Ant wantes the tane half, and all wrang spelit, and left out heir ane lyne, and thar twa wordis. To Conclude they ar all fals and wantis mekle that this buke hes as may be sene, quha lyste tyll luke thame baith over, they sall fynd my sayingis verray trew and wors no I do say preuve and se, than ye wyll geue me credence. they ar nocht worthe ane plake."

The practice of good printing in Scotland began with Thomas Vautrollier, a learned Protestant Frenchman who, after a sojourn and practice in London, began to print at Edinburgh in 1585. His books compare favorably with the best works of Continental printers. Yet he had little influence on his successors. Thrifty Scotsmen seem to have been entirely content with the rude work of Scotch presses for more than a hundred years after Vautrollier's death. Then a change came. Beginning with the Ruddimans, father and son, and followed by the brothers Foulis, there has been ever since an uninterrupted succession of able printers, of whom Clarke, Blackie, and Blackwood are fair present examples of the men who have made Scotch books irreproachable specimens of typography. The contrast between the facsimiles in these Annals and the work of Scotch printers of this day is an object-lesson worthy of study.

The first twenty chapters are written by Dr. Dickson; the concluding eighteen by Mr. Edmond. Mr. William Blades contributes a careful review and collation of one of the early books. It is a grief to read of his recent death, and to think that we shall have nothing more from the pen of this exact and acute bibliographer.

The Criminal. By Havelock Ellis. [Contemporary Science Series.] Scribner & Welford. 1890.

What is confidently spoken of in this book as the science of criminal anthropology does not seem to admit of very exact definition. It is not easy to describe criminals otherwise than as persons convicted of breaking penal laws,

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but from a moral and even from a social point of view this description is not satisfactory. The law presumes that all men know the penal code, and that all men are responsible beings. The latter presumption may be overthrown, and with it the former, and the law has never seen its way clearly to the proper disposition of irresponsible offenders. It cannot very well recognize partial responsibility, yet every degree of responsibility exists. Deeds of violence are often committed under the influence of passion so uncontrollable as to render the agent temporarily mad, but the law cannot admit that this *brevis furor* is insanity. It cannot undertake to measure moral turpitude, or even to punish it. To seduce and desert a simple girl is about as atrocious an act as can be imagined, while for a girl so deserted to steal a loaf of bread that will never be missed to save her child from starving, is not easily proved to be even an immorality; yet the latter act is punished by the law and the former is not.

Men quite as bad as any convict never get arrested, and seem to be peculiarly successful in finding their way to positions of honor. The kings and emperors of ancient and mediæval days would perhaps not average much higher in morality than the inmates of a modern jail, and some of the representatives chosen by our own good people are not eminent in virtue. Offenders against the majesty of government are base traitors or noble patriots, according to circumstances. Some kind souls thought it wicked to punish the Anarchists for slaughtering people in Chicago. Emerson said that he had never read of a crime that he might not have committed himself, and most well-behaved persons will admit that some of their virtue is due to immunity from temptation. Crime is only the indulgence of appetite, and people with money can generally procure sufficient indulgence without encountering the law. In the sphere of morals not only acts but also thoughts must be regarded, and the New Testament definition of adultery is fearfully broad. There is some unexhausted philosophy in the celebrated exclamation over the felon led to the gallows: "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bunyan!"

It is obvious from these considerations that criminals, in the sense of convicts, do not constitute a physiological class, and that in the sense of moral offenders they constitute a class as broad as humanity. The author of this book seems to be entirely unqualified to deal with the difficulties of constructing a science under these circumstances. The statistics that he has collected have a certain value so far as they relate to offenders that are distinctly defective in their physical, mental, and moral endowment, but this value is very slight. The figures may very well be submitted to specialists—who have not received them with much favor—but they are altogether unsuitable for presentation to the public under the name of science. Mr. Ellis makes some judicious observations, but is rather prone to utterances that must arouse in some of the physiologists whom he quotes the desire to examine the convolutions of his brain. Speaking of the classification of insectivorous plants as criminals, he soberly declares, "I doubt whether by any tenable definition of the criminal such a classification can be upheld." Criminality, he charitably observes, "cannot be attributed indiscriminately even to the lowest of races." His looseness of thought is manifest in the loose construction of such a sentence as this: "This act took from the courts the power of definitely fixing the period of confinement in prisons until, in the opinion of the managers of the Reformatory, they may be let out on parole for a probationary period of six months." Whether the courts or the managers are to be paroled, we do not undertake to decide.

Mr. Ellis complains that in England "no book, scarcely a solitary magazine article dealing with this matter," has appeared, and states that he was compelled to undertake this task because he found no one in England who was competent. If he had discovered the writings of an Englishman well known in this country, the late Barwick Baker, he would have learned more wisdom than is to be derived from the literature out of which he has made this book. His ignorance does not excuse his incompetence. The most valuable part of his work consists of an account of the methods in use at the Elmira Reformatory in New York; and the citizen of that State, who has so many things of which to be ashamed, may reflect with satisfaction that it possesses one institution which is not surpassed in the civilized world.

Two Summers in Greenland: An Artist's Adventures among Ice and Islands, in Fjords and Mountains. By A. Riis Carstensen. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890. 8vo, xxxii, 185 pp. Illustrated.

THIS book comprises a series of full-page reproductions of the artist's sketches, with many smaller illustrations, to which the narrative serves chiefly as a succession of connecting links. The pictures vary in merit as well as in their suitability for "process" work, but, as a whole, the collection forms an interesting album of characteristic Greenland views, inhabitants, and animals. Most books about this region are written from the standpoint of the explorer, the anthropologist, or the missionary. This one has a certain freshness in being the work of one in no sense scientific, but alive to the picturesque element of Greenlandic scenery, and who regards the social conditions there from the ordinary level of good people of the middle class in northern Europe.

The author succeeds very well in conveying a clear idea of Greenland life, and incidentally points out, with much justice, the unfortunate effect of the policy which, with the best intentions, has guided the intercourse of missionaries and officials with the Greenlanders, almost from the beginning. While the influence of their missionaries for nearly two centuries has indirectly tended to undermine the individual independence and personal energy which were the chief stay of the old social order among the Greenlanders, and were then regarded as the highest civic virtues, this influence has not been successful in conquering the improvidence and communal interdependence which constitute the great element of weakness in such social organisms. Where the lazy, the thriftless, and the incapable rely on the energetic for all that makes existence possible, experience shows that the essential prop of this kind of socialism is the high and universal appreciation of courage and energy. This popular feeling is manifested and the popular ideal sustained for successive generations not by personal gratitude for benefits received (a feeling lost as the benefits become a matter of custom), but chiefly by songs, legends, and ceremonies, of which the ideal individual becomes the hero, and tribal festivities the occasion of his eulogy. The dismissal of the songs and myths as pagan fancies, the suppression of the annual feasts as heathen customs, deprives the community of a stimulus for which the singing of hymns affords no equivalent. That this, for a community which must remain dependent upon the hunter for its prosperity, and will not renounce its rights in the fruit of his exertions, is a very real loss, has been conclusively shown in the history of the Greenland people.

Another curious fact brought out clearly by the author is the prepotency, as we may call it, of the tendencies towards barbarism over the settler's grasp on the civilization he has left. The blood is much mixed, especially in South Greenland, but the half-bloods are more Eskimo than Danish. Even the Danish settlers yield to some extent, and we are told of the blonde daughter "of a Dane from Godthaab" "not to be persuaded to pronounce a word in her father's tongue, and dressed throughout in native costume," who was the wife of an educated native pastor. In young Eskimo babies "the child is almost white, with the exception" of a peculiar spot of a bluish-black color "situated below the small of the back" and somewhat lozenge-shaped, "from which a yellowish shade seems to spread to all parts of the body, until it finally disappears when the child is a couple of years old. A child with a distinct regular mark was supposed to be healthy. The half-castes are often born with it, though in their case it is not so regularly shaped as in that of pure Eskimos" (pp. 116-117).

The author's conclusions in regard to the future of the Greenlander are summed up in the following paragraph:

"He is kept under a trade monopoly which, it must be admitted, is a necessary evil in his present state of culture, but to say that he feels content with it would not be correct. Be the trade monopoly ever so fatherly—which it is said to be in this case—those who have to pay for it will naturally think it selfish. During the time that Denmark has possessed Greenland, the population has by frequent intermarriages become so crossed that Scandinavian are as frequently met with as Eskimo faces, and if young Danish mechanics continue to settle there for another hundred and fifty years, there will probably be no traces of Eskimo origin left. Then the world may witness that Denmark, out of humanity, and admiration for something strange and scientifically interesting, has sunk a population of Scandinavians to the average level of Eskimos and Indians" (p. 179).

The publishers have done their part admirably, but the book would have been improved by the presence of an index.

France and the Republic. By William Henry Hurlbert. Longmans, Green & Co. 1890. 8vo, pp. cxiii, 515.

MR. HURLBERT was for several years a New York editor, and it is perhaps not surprising that his book has a curious family resemblance in bulk, in tone, and in literary value to the ordinary run of Sunday newspapers. It purports, on its title-page, to be "a record of things seen and learned in the French provinces during the 'centennial' year, 1889"; but what it really is, is only a violent diatribe against the French Republic and its anti-clerical tendencies. Not content with venting his indignation against the present Government of France, Mr. Hurlbert indulges in much strident denunciation of the first French Revolution, all of which has a rather belated effect. But even the Revolution is not remote enough to satisfy Mr. Hurlbert's historical ambition: he fills his pages with a great deal of ancient lore of the approved guide-book pattern, and peppers them thickly with learned references to Macaulay, Carlyle, Ruskin, Condorcet, and many other worthies whose names, printed in small capitals, make a brave enough show on an editorial page, but, in a book big enough to stand alone, convey an impression that the author's literary digestion is outstripped by his

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appetite. However, Mr. Hurlbert will not have written in vain if his book serve as a practical demonstration of the emptiness of the complaints frequently indulged in by newspaper writers when they lament the transitory career of their productions, and flatter themselves that if they wrote books instead of articles, they might earn not only money, but fame to boot.

There is still another good use to which Mr. Hurlbert's book may be put. It offers a telling refutation of Henry George's theory that wages are not drawn from capital, but are produced by labor. It is perfectly evident that the compositors, the pressmen, and the binders who combined to manufacture Mr. Hurlbert's book were not engaged in producing merchandise of any commercial or literary value; so far were they from doing that, that they actually spoiled a large number of reams of fair white paper; the wages which they received for their worse than futile labor were not and could not be drawn from the value of their product, for that is a negative quantity; they were nothing but an impairment and diminution of capital—whether of Messrs. Longmans' capital or of Mr. Hurlbert's is immaterial to the argument. It is quite certain that whoever furnished the money will never get it back again, and has simply expended it in maintaining a number of workmen who might just as well have been pouring water into a sieve.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Badt, Lieut. F. B., and Carhart, Prof. H. S. Derivation of Practical Electrical Units. Chicago: Electrician Publishing Co.
Bainton, G. The Art of Authorship. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.
Balzac, H. de. Père Goriot. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Berry, E. P. Leah of Jerusalem. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. $1.25.
Bittenbender, Ada M. The National Prohibitory Amendment Guide. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association. 25 cents.
Britton, W. The Civil War on the Border (1861-62). G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.
Chester, E. Girls and Women. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.
Coppée, F. The Days of My Youth. Belford Co. 50 cents.
James, H. The Tragic Muse. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.
Little, Rev. H. W. Henry M. Stanley: his Life, Travels, and Explorations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.
Poor, Laura E. Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures. Boston: Roberts Bros. $2.
Taylor, Prof. J. M. A College Algebra. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.50.
Tennis, Lawn Tennis, Rackets, Fives. [Badminton Library.] Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Thayer, E. H. The Mortgage Foreclosed. Chicago: Belford-Clarke Co.
The Two Kinds of Truth: A Test of All Theories. Scribner & Welford. $3.
Thomas, Annie. Kilburns. F. F. Lovell Co. 30 cents.
Thurston, R. H. Heat as a Form of Energy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Tolstoi, Count L. N. The Kreutzer Sonata. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.
Underwood, H. G. Concise Dictionary of the Korean Language: Korean-English, English-Korean. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Underwood, H. G. Introduction to the Korean Spoken Language. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Verrall, Margaret de G. Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens. Macmillan & Co. $4.50.
Waite, C. W. Helen: a Poem. Chicago: W. E. Dibble & Co. $2.50.
Weyman, S. J. The House of the Wolf. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Whiting, H. A Short Course of Experiments in Physical Measurement. Part I. Density, Heat, Light, and Sound. Cambridge, Mass.
Wikkey: A Scrap. E. P. Dutton & Co. 60 cents.

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